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THE

RUMP,

OR

tion of *Songs* and *Ballads* made upon those who would be a *PARLIAMENT*, *and were* but *the* RUMP *of* an House of Commons, five times dissolv'd.

LONDON,
inted for *H. Brome*, and *H. Marsh*, at the Gun
in *Ivy Lane*, and the Princes

TO THE READER,

THou haſt here a Bundle of Rodds; not like thoſe of the Roman Conſuls, for theſe are ſigns of a No-Government. If thou read theſe Ballads (and not ſing them) the poor Ballads are undone. They came not hither all from one Author; (thou wilt ſoon perceive the ſame hand held not the Pen) yet none but ſhew either Wit or Affection (and that's better) or Both, which is beſt of all. The truth is, this Rump was ſo odious and bloody a Monſter, that every man had a ſtone or rotten Egge to caſt at it. We confeſs wee refuſed ſome Ballads (and we know why wee did ſo) which perhaps you will have from ſome other officious hand. But you'll grant we have

made you ample ſatisfaction, by preſenting you (in their ſtead) with Newes from Colcheſter, *the* Four-legg'd Elder, *the* Four-legg'd Quaker, *the* Jolt, *and ſome others, which uſher in the* Rump. *Now if you ask who nam'd it* Rump, *know 'twas ſo ſtil'd in an honeſt Sheet of Paper (call'd* The Bloudy Rump) *written before the Triall of our late* Soveraign *of Glorious Memorie; but the Word* obtain'd *not univerſal notice till it flew from the mouth of Major General* Brown *at a Publick Aſſembly in the dayes of* Richard Cromwel. *You have many Songs here, which were never before in Print: We need not tell you whoſe they are; but we have not ſubjoyned any Authors Names; heretofore it was unſafe, and now the Gentlemen conceive it not ſo proper. Tis hoped they did His Majeſty ſome Service, 'twas for that end they were ſcribbled.*

Now

To the Reader.

'Now (thanks be to God) we have liv'd to that day, that there is no **Cavalier**, because there is nothing else, and 'tis wondrous happy to see how many are His Majesties Faithfull Subjects who were ready to hang the **Authors** of these **Ballads.** But hee that does not blot out all that's past, and frankly embrace their New Allegiance, or remembers ought but what shall preserve Universal Peace and Charity, let him be **Anathema.** For he were a strange man that should now be unsatisfied, when those that wrote against the King do now write for Him, and those who wrote for Him, need now write no more. Let Heaven so continue these Blessings on His Majesty, that no one Enemy live unreconciled, nor any false Friend lie undiscovered, that so there bee no Strife but who shall shew most Duty to so excellent a KING.

Farewell.

THE FOUR-LEGG'D ELDER.

OR

A Relation of a horrible Dog and an *Elder*'s Maid;

To the Tune of *The Lady's Fall*, Or, *Gather your Rose-Buds*, and 50 other Tunes.

I.

ALL Christians, and *Lay-Elders* too,
for shame amend your Lives,
I'll tell you of a Dog-trick now,
which much concerns your Wives.
An *Elder*'s Maid near *Temple-Barre*
(ah what a Quean was she!)
Did take an ugly Mastive Curre,
where Christians use to be.
Help House of Commons, House of Peers!
oh now or never help!
Th' Assembly *having sate four years*
have now brought forth a whelp!

2.

One Evening late she stept aside,
pretending to fetch Eggs,
And there she made her self a Bride
to one that had four Leggs:
Her Master heard a Rumblement,
and wonder'd she did tarry,
Not dreaming (without his consent)
his Dog would ever marry.
Help House of Commons, &c.

3.

He went to peep, but was afraid,
and hastily did run
To fetch a Staff to help his Maid,
not knowing what was done;
He took his *Ruling Elder*'s Cane,
and cry'd out *Help, help here!*
For *SWASH* our Mastive and poor *JANE*
are now Fight Dog Fight Bear.
Oh House of Commons!

4.

But when he came he was full sorry,
for he perceiv'd their strife,
That according to the *Directory*
they two were Dog and Wife:
Ah (then said he) thou cruel Quean,
why hast thou me beguil'd?
I wonder'd *SWASH* was grown so lean,
poor Dog he's almost spoyl'd.
Oh House of Commons, &c.

I thought

5.

I thought thou hadſt no carnal ſenſe
but what's in other Laſſes,
And could have quench'd thy Cupiſcence
according to the *Claſſes*;
But all the Pariſh ſee it plain,
ſince thou art in this pickle,
Thou art an *Independent* Queen,
and lov'ſt a *Conventicle*.
Oh Houſe of Commons, &c.

6.

Alas now each *Malignant* Rogue
will all the World perſwade
That ſhe that's Spouſe unto a Dog
may be an *Elder*'s Maid;
They'l jeer us if abroad we ſtir,
good Maſter *Elder* ſtay,
Sir, of what *Claſſis* is your Cur?
and then what can we ſay?
Oh Houſe of Commons, &c.

7.

They 'll many graceleſſe Ballads ſing
of a *Presbyterian*,
That a *Lay-Elder* is a thing
made up half-Dog half-Man:
Out, out, (ſaid he, and ſmote her down)
was Mankind grown ſo ſcant?
There's ſcarce another Dog in town
but had took the *Covenant*,
Oh Houſe of Commons, &c.

8.

Then *SWASH* began to look full grim,
and *JANE* did thus reply,
Sir, you thought nought too good for him,
you fed your Dog to high:
Tis true, he took me in the lurch,
and leapt into my arm,
But (as I hope to come to Church)
I did your Dog no harm.
Oh House of Commons, &c.

9

Then she was brought to *Newgate* Gaol,
and there was naked stript,
They whipt her till the Cord did fail,
as Dogs use to be whipt:
Poor City Maids shed many a tear
when she was lash'd and bang'd,
And had she been a *Cavalier*,
surely she had been hang'd.
Oh House of Commons, &c.

10.

Her's was but *Fornication* found,
for which she felt the lash,
But his was *Buggery* presum'd,
therefore they hanged *SWASH*.
What will become of *Bishops* then,
or *Independencie*,
For now we find both Dogs and Men
stand for *Presbyterie*.
Oh House of Commons, &c.

11.

She might have took a *Sow-gelder*,
with *Synod-men* good ſtore,
But ſhe would have a *Lay-Elder*
with two leggs and two more.
Go tell th' *Aſſembly* of Divines,
tell *Adoniram Blew*,
Tell *Burgeſſe*, *Marſhall*, *Caſe*, and *Vines*,
tell *Now-and-Anon-too*.
Oh Houſe of Commons, &c.

12.

Some ſaid ſhe was a *Scotiſh* Girl,
or elſe (at leaſt) a Witch;
But ſhe was born in *Colcheſter*,
was ever ſuch a Bitch!
Take heed all Chriſtian Virgins now,
the *Dog-ſtar* now prevails;
Ladies beware your Monkeys too,
for Monkeys have long tails.
Oh Houſe of Commons, &c.

13.

Bleſſe *King* and *Queen* and ſend us peace
as we had ſeven years ſince,
For we remember no *Dog-dayes*
while we enjoy'd our Prince:
Bleſſe ſweet Prince *Charles*, two Dukes, three Girls,
O ſave His *Majeſtie*!
Grant that his *Commons*, *Lords* and *Earls*,
may lead ſuch Lives as He.
Oh Houſe of Commons, &c.

News from *Colchester.*

Or, A Proper new Ballad, of certain carnal passage betwixt a *Quaker* and a *Colt*, at *Horsley* near *Colchester* in *Essex*. To the Tune of *Tom of Bedlam*.

1.

ALL in the Land of *Essex*
Near *Colchester* the Zealous,
on the side of a bank
was play'd such a Prank,
As would make a Stone-horse jealous.

2.

Help *Woodcock*, *Fox* and *Nailor*,
For Brother *Green*'s a Stallion,
now alas what hope
of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turn 's *Italian*!

3.

Even to our whole profession
A scandal twill be counted,
when 'tis talk't with disdain
amongst the Profane
How Brother *Green* was mounted.

4.

And in the good time of Christmas,
Which though our Saints have damn'd all,
yet when did they hear

that a damn'd Cavalier
Ere play'd ſuch a Chriſtmas gamball?

5.

Had thy fleſh, O *Green*, been pamper'd
With any Cates unhallowed,
hadſt thou ſweetned thy Gumms
with Pottage of Plumms
Or profane minc'd pie hadſt ſwallow'd;

6.

Roll'd up in wanton ſwine's-fleſh,
The Fiend might have crept into thee,
then fullneſſe of gut
might have made thee rut
And the Devil have ſo rid through thee.

7.

But alas, he had been feaſted
With a Spiritual Collation,
by our frugal Mayor,
who can dine on a Prayer,
And ſup on an Exhortation.

8.

'Twas meer impulſe of Spirit,
Though he us'd the weapon carnal,
filly Foal, quoth he,
my Bride thou ſhalt be:
And how this is lawfull, learn all:

9.

For if no reſpect of Perſons
Be due 'mongſt the ſons of *Adam*,
in a large extent

thereby may be meant
That a *Mare*'s as good as a *Madam*.

10.

Then without more Ceremony,
Not Bonnet vail'd, nor Kiſt her,
but took her by force
for better for worſe
And us'd her like a Siſter.

11.

Now when in ſuch a Saddle
A Saint will needs be riding,
though we dare not ſay
'tis a falling away,
May there not be ſome backſliding?

12.

No ſurely, quoth *James Nailor*,
'Twas but an inſurrection
of the carnal part,
for a Quaker in heart
Can never loſe perfection.

13.

For (as our Maſters teach us)
The intent being well directed,
though the Devil trapan
the Adamical man,
The Saint ſtands uninfected.

14.

But alas a Pagan Jury
Ne'r judges what's intended,
then ſay what we can

brother

brother *Green*'s outward man
I fear will be ſuſpended.

15.

And our Adopted Siſter
Will find no better quarter,
but when him we inroul
for a Saint; Filly Foal
Shall paſſe her ſelf for a Martyr.

16.

Rome that Spiritual *Sodome*
No longer is thy debter,
ô *Colcheſter*, now
who's *Sodome* but thou,
Even according to the Letter?

The *Four-Legg'd Quaker.*

To the Tune of the *Four-Legg'd Elder.*

ALl that have two or but one ear,
(I dare not tell ye half)
You of an *Eſſex* Colt ſhall hear
will ſhame their very *Calf.*
In *Horſley* Fields near *Colcheſter*
A *Quaker* would turn Trooper;
He caught a Foal and mounted her
(O baſe!) below the Crupper.
Help, Lords and Commons, once more help,
O ſend us Knives and Daggers!
For if the Quakers be not gelt
Your Troopes will have the Staggers.

2.

Ralph Green (it was this Varlet's name)
of *Colchester* you'll ſwear,
For thence the *Four-legg'd Elder* came,
was ever ſuch a Pair!
But though 'twas foul 'tween *Swaſh* and *Jane*,
yet this is ten times worſe,
For then a Dog did play the Man,
but Man now play'd the Horſe.
Help, &c.

3.

The owner of the Colt was nigh,
(obſerving their Embrace)
And drawing nearer did eſpie
the *Quaker*'s ſorrell Face:
My Foal is raviſh'd (then he cryes,
and fiercely at him ran)
Thou Rogue, I'll have thee halter'd twice,
as Horſe and eke as Man!
Help, &c.

4.

Ah Devil, do'ſt thou tremble? now
'tis ſore againſt thy will;
For Mares and preaching Ladies know
thou haſt a Colts tooth ſtill:
But mine's not guilty of this Fact,
ſhe was by thee compelled;
Poor thing, whom no man ever backt
thou wickedly haſt Bellied.
Help, &c.

5.

O Friend (ſaid *Green*, with ſighs and groans)
let this thy wrath appeaſe!
(And gave him then eight new half-Crowns
to make him hold his peace)
The man reply'd, though I for this
conceal thy Hugger Mugger,
Do'ſt think it lawful for a Piece
a filly Foal to Bugger?
Help, &c.

6.

The Maſter ſaw his Colt defil'd,
which vext his ſoul with doubt;
For if his Filly prov'd with Childe
he knew All would come out:
Then he afreſh began to rave,
(for all his Money taking)
Neighbours, ſaid he, I took this Knave
i'th' very act of *Quaking*.
Help, &c.

7.

Then to the Pinfold (Gaol I mean)
they dragg'd him by the Mane,
They call'd him Beaſt, and call'd her Queen,
as if ſhe had been *Jane*.
O ſtone him (all the Women cry'd)
nay Geld him (which is worſe)
Who ſcorn'd us all and took a Bride
that's Daughter to a Horſe!
Help, &c.

8.

The Colt was silent all this while,
and therefore 'twas no Rape,
The virgin Foal he did beguile,
and so intends to scape:
For though he got her in a Ditch
where she could not revolt,
Yet he had no *Scott'sh Spurr* nor Switch
to ride the willing Colt.
Help, &c.

9.

O *Essex*, *Essex*, *England's* pride,
go burn this long-tail'd Quean,
For though the *Thames* runs by thy side,
it cannot wash thee clean!
'Tis not thy Bleating Sonn's complaints,
hold forth such wanton courses,
Thy Oysters hint the very Saints
to horn the very Horses.
Help, &c.

10.

Though they salute not in the Street
(because they are our Masters)
'Tis now reveal'd why *Quakers* meet
in Meadows, Woods, and Pastures.
But Horse-men, Mare-men, all and some
who Man and Beast perplex,
Not only from *East-Horsley* come,
but from *West-Middle-Sex*.
Help, &c.

11.

This was not GREEN the *Feltmaker*,
nor Willow GREEN the *Baker*,
Nor GEORGE the Sea-GREEN *Mariner*,
but RALPH the Graſſe-GREEN *Quaker*,
Had GREEN the Sow-gelder but known,
and done his office duly,
Though RALPH was GREEN when he came on,
he had come off moſt blewly.
Help, &c.

12.

Alas you know by Man's fleſh came
the *Foul diſeaſe* to *Naples*,
And now we fear the very ſame
is broke into our Stables;
For death hath ſtoln ſo many Steeds
from Prince and Peer and Carrier,
That this new Murrain rather need's
a * FARRAR than a Farrier.
Help, &c.

[* *Phyſician to the Earl of* Pembrooke, *who is no Quaker nor Quacker.*

13

Nay if this GREEN within the Walls
of *Colcheſter* left forces,
Thoſe Cavaliers were Caniballs,
eating his humane Horſes!
But ſome make Man their *ſecond courſe*,
(in cool Blood will not ſpare)
Who butcher Men and favour Horſe
will couple with a Mare.
Help, &c.

14.

This *Centaur*, unquoth *Other* thing,
will make a dreadfull Breach:
Yet though an Asse may Speak or * Sing,
ô let not Horses Preach!
But Bridle such wild Colts who can
when they 'll obey no Summons,
For things begot 'tween Mare and Man
are neither Lords nor Commons.
Help, &c.

[**A new Sect of young Men & Women who pray, eat, and sing ex tempore.*

15.

O *Elders*, *Independents* too,
though all your Power's combin'd,
Quakers will grow too strong for you
now Horse and Man are joyn'd:
While Cavaliers, poor foolish Rogues,
know only Maids Affairs,
She-Presbyters can deal with Dogs,
and *Quaking* Men with Mares.
Help, &c.

16.

Now as when *Milan* Town was rear'd,
a Monstrous Sow untam'd,
With back half Hair half Wool appear'd,
'twas *Mediolanum* nam'd:
So *Colchester* must have recourse
to some such four-legg'd Sifter,
For sure as *Horsley* comes from Horse
from Colt 'twas call'd *Col-chester*.
Help, Lords and Commons, &c.

A JOLT on *Michaelmas day*. 1654.

To the Tune of

To Him that hath fool'd
More than Mahomet *could, &c.*

1.

IT fell on a day,
When good people say
St. *Michael* beat the Dragon,
My Lord the *Protector*
Did drive (like a *Hector*)
A Coach instead of a * Wagon.

* Londinium petere solebat gestatorio, sed vehiculo communi.

2.

Because he did hear
The best Charetteer
Did antiently wear a Crown,
Up went the Horse-heels,
Round round went the Wheeles,
'Till his *Highnesse* came head-long down.

3.

He reign'd them so hard
They look'd back and were scar'd
To see him so red and so grim;
Away then they fled,
And though he us'd to lead,
These *new-model'd* Horse would lead Him.

4. But

4.

But O how they ſnuff
When his Piſtol flew off,
For which all the Saints ſuſpect him;
Doth Providence attend him,
Thirty thouſand defend him,
Yet a poor Pocket-piſtol protect him?

5.

How many a Hurl
Had poor Mr. * *Thurl*—
-*Lo*! He in the Coach did prank it:
He thought he had ſate
Chief Secretary of State,
But was toſs'd like a Dog in a Blanket.

6.

Nay had they run faſter
Hee'd follow his Maſter
Through all the Sceans of this Mad-ſhow:
A Brewer, a Colonel,
A Preacher, a General,
A Protector, a King —— then comes *Bradſhaw*.

7.

They ſlander my *Lord*
With a bug-bear Word,
That He did like *Phaeton* drive;
But his *Highneſſe* try'd
Six Horſes to guide,
And *Phaeton* had now *five*.

* Vocem πῶ THURLO rithmicè reſpondentem noſtrates peſiderant: nomen itaque (ipſius homulli inſtar cruris) hâc τμῆσιν patitur; noſtroque vel verſiculo, ac ipſo curru, huc illuc impellitur.

8.

Mad *Phaeton* hurl'd
Fire all o're the world,
Then dead in a River was found:
But my Lord had no ayme
To ſet all in a flame,
And never was born to be drown'd.

9.

'Twas *Nero* did ſtrive
Such Charets to drive,
And publickly ſhew'd his Work;
But when my Lord ſticks
Up his Bills to ſhew tricks
Hee'l undo th'other *dauncing Turk*.

10.

But if ye look nigh,
There's ſome reaſon why
Theſe Jades did ſo fling and skip,
For though we afford
Him the *power of the Sword*,
He had no command of the *Whip*.

11.

Enthron'd in this Chair
(What a pox did He there?)
He took ſuch Protectorly courſes,
He ſeem'd Horſe and Mule,
But 'tis eaſier to rule
Three Kingdoms, than ſix Horſes.

12.

Not a day nor an hour
But we felt his power,
And now he would ſhew us his Art:
His firſt Reproach
Is a fall from a Coach,
And his laſt will be from a Cart.

The Houſe out of Doors.

April 20. 1653.

To the Tune of *Cook Laurel.*

YOu ſaw *Eleaven Members* turn'd out of Doors,
and 200. more were driven from home,
And then their own *Lords* were voted down ſtairs,
(when ſome of them crept into the *Lower Room*:
We purg'd and we purg'd, but all would not do
(the Body had got ſuch a damnable Paunch)
'Till *OLIVER* fell upon *Branch and Root*, (*Bran*
then down with it, down with it, down *Root a*
With a hey down, down a down down,
Sing ho down down to make up the Ditty,
With a hey down down a down down,
The Parliament's broke as well as the City.

2.

Theſe Remnant *Members* began to ſay
their *General* was fit to be had in ſuſpition;

And offer'd to Vote his Commiſſion away
as if (forſooth) they had given Him his Commiſ-
He did (yet did not) make uſe of his Sword (ſion:
on men that could vote, and vote, but no more;
He ſhewd them his Hilt, and ſpake but a word,
and that word blew the whole Houſe out of door.
With a hey down, &c.
The Parliament's broke as well as the City.

3.

This day was *Strafford* all-to-be-Trayton'd
becauſe (they ſay) *He had an Intent* } *Apr.* 20 { 1641
As this day *Noll* the *Members* ſcatter'd) } { 1653
by an Army to force the Parliament.
At which old *VANE* now rants and raves,
(for *Straffords* blood is not yet grown cold)
And yet we muſt ſay while we ſpeak of Knaves,
the *Old* is the *Young*, and the *Young* is the *Old*.
With a hey down, &c.
The Parliament's broke as well as the City.

4.

MILDMAY then with his hand on his groin,
(as fit for a *Knave of the Diamonds*) ſtood:
eat the Kings Bread, and drank the Kings Wine
ſo long till at laſt he drank of his Bloud.
did *CORNELIUS HOLLAND* too,
whoſe ſhare i' th' *Revenue* doth fill three Pages,
now when the *Houſe* is broke up (you know)
'tis fit *Houſhold Servants* be paid their Wages.
With a hey down, &c.
The Parliament's broke as well as the City.

5.

The Judge of *Morocco* (*Treason* HILL)
Devour'd at a Morsel all *Taunton Dean*,
He keeps five Chambers i'th' *Temple*, but will
(Now th' *House* is pull'd down) be a *Hillock* again.
And the Devil too for his *BOND* doth call,
Though *Dennis* from Chamber to Chamber did hop
He late *Lord President* at *Whitehall*,
But now must go home to sit in his shop.
With a hey, &c.
The Parliament's broke aswell as the City.

6.

Now Alderman *Fustian* cocks not his Beaver,
Who chang'd his Name from *Parry* to *PURY*,
A Dean and a Bishop made out of a Weaver,
That had been refus'd to be of a Jury:
He vow'd to *leave not a Gentleman*
Though every House were as bigg as Rome:
In all bloody Votes he highest ran,
But now may run down to his *Bottom* and *Loom*.
With a hey, &c.
The Parliaments broke aswell as the City.

7.

Now look to your Wives, for I am inform'd
That carnal *SCOT* is again broke loose;
But the *House* that shelter'd his Lust is *Reform'd*
As he did the Hall of *Lambeth-House*;
(For

(For he knew the *High Commission* sate there;)
Both *King* and *Cromwell* he openly curs'd,
But *Oliver* now will pay his Arrear,
For of all kind of *Scots* the *English* is worst.
With a hey down, down a down down,
Singko down down to mak up the Dity,
With a hey down down a down down,
The Parliament's broke as well as the City.

Another on the same.

To the same Tune.

1.

WIll you hear a strange thing ne're heard of before,
A Ballad of News without any lyes,
The *Parliament* now is turn'd out of Doors,
And so is the *Council of State* likewise.
Brave *Oliver* came into the house like a Spright,
His fiery looks made the *Speaker* dumb,
You must be gone hence, quoth he, by this light,
D' you mean to sit here till *Doomsday* come?

2.

At this the *Speaker* look't pale with fear,
As if he had been with the Night-mare rid,

Insomuch that some did think that were there,
He did e'en as much as the *Alderman* did:
For *Oliver* 'though he were *Doctor* of *Law*,
He chose to play the Physician here,
His Physick so wrought in the *Speakers* Maw,
That he gave him a Stool instead of a Chair.

3.

Brave *Arthur* thought *Oliver* wondrous bold,
(I mean the Knight that was one of the *five*)
He was very unwilling to lose his Free-hold,
But needs he must go whom the Devil doth drive
And gone he is into the North Country,
Hoping therein to make some stir,
Yet in the mean time take it from me,
Brave *Arthur* must yield to brave *Oliver*.

4.

Harry Martin wonder'd to see such a thing
Done by a Saint of so high a degree,
An Act which he did not expect from a King,
Much lesse from such a *Dry-bone* as he.
Brave *Oliver* laying his hand on his Sword,
Upbrayded him with his Adultery,
Then *Martin* gave not so much as a word,
But humbly thanked his *Majesty*.

5.

Much wit he had ſhew'd if that he had dar'd,
But ſilent he was for fear of ſome knocks,
Thought he if I catch you within my Ward
I may chance to ſend you home with a Pox.
Next *Allen* the Copper-ſmith was in great fear,
He did us much harm ſince the war began,
A broken Citizen many a year,
And now hee's a broken Parliament man.

6.

Brave *Oliver* told him what he had been,
And him a cheating Knave did call,
Which put him into a fit of the ſpleen,
But now he muſt give an account for all.
It went to the heart of Sir *Harry Vane*,
To think what a terrible fall he ſhould have,
For he that did late in the Parliament reign,
Was call'd (as I heard) a *diſſembling Knave*.

7.

Who gave him that Name you may eaſily know,
'Twas one that had learned that Art full well,
You may ſwear it was true if he call'd him ſo,
For what's to diſſemble I'm ſure he can tell.
Preſident *Bradſhaw* as proud as a Pope,

That loves upon Kings and Princes to trample,
Now the Houſe is diſſolv'd I cann't but hope
To ſee ſuch a Preſident made an example.

8.

Then room for the *Speaker* without his *Mace*,
And room for the reſt of the Rabble rout,
My Maſters, methinks 'tis a pitifull Caſe,
Like the ſnuff of a Candle tans to go out.
'Tis wondrous ſtrange you ſhould not agree,
You that have been ſuch Brethren in evil:
A Diſſolution there needs muſt be,
When the Devil's divided againſt the Devil.

9.

Some think that *Cromwell* with *Charls* is agreed,
And 'twere good policy if it were ſo
Leſt the *Hollander*, *French*, the *Dane*, and the *Swede*,
Bring him in whether we will or no.
And now I would gladly conclude my Song,
With a Prayer as Ballads were wont to do,
But yet I'll forbear, for I think ere long
We ſhall have a *King* and a Parliament too.

THE

RUMP.

December 26. 1659.

To the Tune of *The Blacksmith.*

NOw Master and Prentice for Rimes must pump
On *Hub*, * *Nol*, *Arthur*, and *Lawson Vuntrump*,
A *Long Parliament* of a *Short Rump*. [*St John's
Which no body can deny.

For Wits and No-Wits now have an Itch
To prepare some damnable tearing Switch
For them whose very Face is a Breech.
Which, &c.

Twelve years they sate above *Kings* and *Queens*,
Full twelve, and then had entred their 'teens
When *Oliver* came to out-sin their Sins.
Which, &c.

And yet after all his signal *Septembers*,
Both He and his Babe, and his *Other-House* Members
Saw *Rump* was but asleep in its Embers.
Which, &c.

For up it rose, then out 'twas blown,

For

For *Lambert* and *Rump*, like my Lady and *Joan*,
Blew in and out till *Rump* blew out *John*.
Which, &c.

And then it ſwell'd with ſuch monſtrous growth
That by and by it broke out in the South,
From whence it was called PORTS-MOUTH.
Which, &c.

From thence to *London* it rode tan-tivy
(Though *London* then wore *Holly* and *Ivy*)
And ſate at *Whitehall* in a *Council-Privy*.
Which, &c.

Then ſuddenly *Fleetwood* fell from Grace,
And now cryes *Heaven hath ſpit in his face*,
Though he *ſmelt* it came from *another place*.
Which, &c.

Janizary *Desbrow* then look'd pale,
Foh, ſaid he, if this *Rump* prevail
'Twill blow me back to my old Plough-tayl,
Which, &c.

But when he felt his own Regiment kick,
Oh, quoth he, this was my own Trick
'Gainſt my Brother *Nol* and my Nephew *Dick*.
Which, &c.

Now whom the Divel doth *Rump* repreſent?
'Twas

'Twas This that Sir *Thomas Jermyn* meant
When he call'd it a *Whipping Parliament.*
Which, &c.

We're ſtrip't of all ſhelter from the *long Robe*,
As rich and warm as the Divel left *Job*,
For Satan *Rump* ſits Lord of the Globe.
Which, &c.

And yet when all is examin'd and ponder'd,
You'll find three Kingdoms enſlav'd and plunder'd
For ſaying *Fourty* is leſs than *Four hundred.*
Which, &c.

And now behold the Sign is *in Clune*,
But if *Monck* be honeſt or wiſe, then ſoon he
Makes *Rump* but th' Italian's *Domo Communi.*
Which, &c.

Heaven bleſs the *KING* with his two brave *Brothers*
From *Rumps* and *Lords* of the *Houſe* call'd *Others*,
And hang theſe *rumping* Sons of their Mothers.
Which, &c.

And that He may bleſſe both Us and our Heirs
Let all the Members of Commons and Peers
Turn honeſt as He that want's his Ears.
Which, &c.

A DIALOGUE betwixt TOM and DICK

The former a COUNTRY-MAN, The other a CITIZEN Presented to his EXCELLENCY and the COUNCIL of STATE, at *Drapers-Hall* in LONDON, *March* 28. 1660.

(To the Tune of *I'le never love thee more*)

Tom. NOw would I give my life to see
This wondrous Man of might.

Dick. Dost see that *Jolly Lad?* That's he;
I'le warrant him he's right.
There's a *true Trojan* in his Face:
Observe him o're and o're.

Dick. *Come Tom; I never GEORGE be base,*
We're trust good-fellow more. } Chorus.

He's none of that *Phantastique Brood,*
That *Murther* while they *Pray:*
That *Trusse* and *Cheat* us *for our good;*
(*All in a Godly way,*)
He *Drinks* no *Blood,* and *they* no *Sack*
Into their *Guts* will *poure.*
But GEORGE does not do the knack:
We're trust good-fellow more. } Chor.

His

His quiet *Conſcience* needs no *guard*;
He's *brave*, but full of *pity*.

Tom. Yet, by your leave he *knock'd* ſo *hard*,
H' *d like t'awak'd the City.*

Dick. *Fool*, 'Twas the *Rump* that let a *Fart*,
The *Chains* and *Gates* it *tore*.
But if GEORGE bears not a true heart, } Cho.
We're truſt Good-fellow more.

Tom. Your *City-Blades* are *cunning Rookes*;
How ta ely you *collogue* him?
But when your *Gates* flew off the *Hookes*,
You did as much *le-rogue* him.

Dick. Pug'n —— 'Twas the *Rump* did only *Feele*,
The *blowes* the *City bore*.
But if GEORGE ben't as true as Steele, } Chor.
We're truſt Good-fellow more.

Dick. Come, by this Hand, *we'll crack a quart*,
Thou'lt *pledge his health*, I trow.

Tom *Tope boy*, Dick —— *A luſty diſh my heart*,
Away w'ot; Tom —— *Let it go.*
Drench me you ſlave in a *full Bowl*,
I'll take't an' twere a *ſcore*.

Dick. *Nay, if GEORGE be'nt a hearty Soul,* } Chor.
We're truſt Good-fellow more.

Tom. But hark you, Sirrah, we're too *loud*,
He'll *hang* us by and by.
Me'thinks, he ſhould be vengeance *proud*?

No

Dick. No more than *thee* or *I*.
Tom. Why then I'le give him the best *Blade*
That ere the *Bilbo* wore
Dick. *If GEORGE prove not a Bonny Lad,*
Ne're trust Good-fellow more. } Chor.

Tom. 'Twas well he *came*, *we'd mawll'd the Tayl*;
—— We've all *thrown* up our *Farms*,
And from the *Musket* to the *Flayl*,
Put all our men in *Arms*.
The *Girles* had ta'ne the *Members* down,
Ne're saw such things before.
Dick *If GEORGE speak not the Town our own,*
Ne're trust Good-fellow more. } Ch.

Dick. But prethee, are the Folk so *mad*?
Tom. So mad, say'st? —— The're *undone*,
There's not a *penny* to be had,
And ev'ry Mothers Son
Must fight, if he intend to *eat*,
Grow *valiant* now he is *poor*.
Dick. *Come—yet if GEORGE don't do the feat,*
Ne're trust Good-fellow more. } Ch.

Tom. Why *Richard*, 'tis a *Deviliſh thing*,
We're not left worth a groat.
My *Doll*, has *ſold* her *wedding-ring*,
And *Sue* has *pawnd* her *Coat*.
The *Sniv'ling rogues* abus'd our *Squire*,
And called our *Miſtr ſs Whore*.

Yet

Dick. Yet —— if GEORGE don't what we require,
Nere trust Good-fellow more.

Tom. By this good day; I did but speak,
They took my Py-bal'd Mare;
And put the Carri'on Wench to th' squeak:
Things go against the Hair.)
Our Prick-ear'd Cor'nell looks as bigg
Still, as he did before.
Dick. And yet if GEORGE don't hum his Gigg, } Ch.
Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

'Faith, Tom. our Case is much at one;
We're broke for want of Trade;
Our City's baffled and undone,
Betwixt the Kump and Blade.
We've emptied both our Veins and Baggs
Upon a Factious Score.
If GEORGE compassion not our Raggs, } Cho.
Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

Tom. But what dost thou think should be the Cause,
Whence all these Mischiefs spring?
Dick. Our damned breach of Oaths and Laws;
Our Murther of the King.
We have bin Slaves since CHARLS his Reign,
We liv'd like Lords before.
If GEORGE don't set all right again, } Chor.
Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

Tom. Our Vicar —— (And he's one tha knows)
Tol!

Told me once, — I know what: —
(And yet the Thief is woundy *Close*)
Dick. 'Tis all the better; —— That
Ha's too much *Honesty* and *Witt*,
To let his *Tongue* run o're:
If this prove not a lucky hitt,
N're trust Good-fellow more. } Chorus.

Shall's *ask* him, what he *means* to *do*?
Tom. —— 'Good faith, with all my heart;
Thou mak'st the *better* L g o'th' Two:
Take *thou* the *better part*:
I'll *follow*, if thou'lt lead the *Van*.
Dick. Content; — *I'll march before.*
I GEORGE prove not a gallant man,
N're trust Good-fellow more. } Cho

My Lord: —— in *us* the *Nation craves*
But what you're *bound* to *do*.
Tom. — We have *liv'd Drudges*: *Ric.* —— And
Both. We would not *dye* so *too*.
Restore us but our Laws agen;
Th' unborn shall thee adore:
If GEORGE denies us his Amen.
Ne're trust Good-fellow more. } Chorus.

THE
RE-RESURRECTION
Of the
RUMP:
OR,
Rebellion and Tyranny revived.

To the Tune of the Blacksmith.

IF none be offended with the Sent,
I Though I foul my mouth, Ile be content,
To ſing of the *Rump* of a Parliament.
Which no body can deny.

I have ſometimes fed on a *Rump* in Sowſe,
And a man may imagine the *Rump* of a Lowſe;
But til now was ne're heard of the *Rump* of a (Houſe,
Which no body can deny.

There's a *rump* of Beef, & the *rump* of a Gooſe,
And a *rump* whoſe neck was hang'd in a Nooſe;
But ours is a *Rump* can play *faſt and looſe.*
Which no body can deny.

A *Rump* had *Jane Shore*, and a *Rump Meſſaleen*
And a *Rump* had *Antonies* reſolute Queen;
But ſuch a *Rump* as ours is, never was ſeen,
Which no body can deny

Two *ſhort years* together we *Engliſh* have ſcare
Been rid of thy rampant Noſe (Old *Mars*)
But now thou haſt got a prodigious *Arſe*,
Which no body can den

When the parts of the Body did all fall out,
Some Votes it is like did paſs for the Snout;
But that the *Rump* ſhould be King was never
Which no body can deny. (doub

A *Cat* has a *Rump*, and a *Cat* has nine Lives
Yet when her heads off, her *Rump* never ſtrive
But our *Rump* from the grave hath made tr
Which no body can deny. (Retrive

That the *Rump* may all their enemies quail,
They'l borrow the Devils Coat of Mayl,
And all to defend their Eſtate in Tayl,
Which no body can de

But though their *ſcale* now ſeem to be th'up
Theres no need of the charge of a Thanksgiving ſup
For if they be the *Rump*, the Armi's their *Cr*
Which no body can deny. (

The

There is a Saying belongs to the *Rump*,
Which is *good* although it be worn to the *ſtump*,
That on the *Buttocks* Ile give thee a Thump,
Which no body can deny.

There's a Proverb in which the *Rump* claims a part,
Which hath in it more of Sence than of Art,
That for all you can do I care not a Fart,
Which no body can deny.

There's another Proverb gives the *rump* for his Creſt,
But Alderman *Atkins* made it a Jeſt, that of all kind of Lucks, *ſhitten* Luck is the beſt,
Which no body can deny.

There's another Proverb that never will fail,
That the *good* the *rump* will do when they preIs to give us a Flop with a Fox-tail, vail,
Which no body can deny.

There is a Saying which is made by no Fools,
I never can hear on't but my heart it cools,
That the *rump* will ſpend all we have in Cloſe-ſtools,
Which no body can deny.

There's an Obſervation wiſe and deep,
Which without an *Onion* will make me to weep,
That Flies will blow Maggots in the *Rump* of a Sheep,
Which no body can deny.

And ſome that can ſee the wood from the tree
Say, this ſanctified *Rump* in time we may leeſe
For the *Cooks* do challenge the *Rumps* for thei
Which no body can deny. (Fee

When the *Rump* do ſit wee'l make it our Moan
That a Reaſon be 'nacted if there be not one
Why a *Fart* hath a tongue, & a *Fyeſt* hath none
Which no body can deny

And whil'ſt within the Walls they lurk,
To ſatisfie us, will be a good work,
Who hath moſt religion, the *Rump* or the *Turk*
Which no body can deny

A *Rump's* a Fag-end, like the baulk of a *Furrow*
And is to the whole like the *jail* to the *burrough*
'Tis the *Bran* that is left when the Meal is ru
Which no body can deny. (thorough

Conſider the *world*, the Heav'n is the head on
The *Earth* is the middle & we men are fed on
But *hell* is the *Rump*, & no more can be ſed on
Which no body can deny

Flectere ſi nequeunt ſuperos Acharonta movebun

A NEW-YEARS-GIFT FOR THE RUMP.

YOu may have heard of the *Politick Snout*,
Or a *tale of a Tub with the bottom out*,
But ſcarce of a Parliament in a *ſhitten Clout*.
Which no body can deny.

(*Muſtard*,
Twas *Atkins* firſt ſerv'd this *Rump* in with
The *ſawce* was a *compound* of *courage* & *cuſtard*;
Sir Vane *bleſs'd the Creature*: Noll *ſnufled, and*
Which no body can deny. (*bluſter'd.*

The *Right* was then in *Old Olivers Noſe*,
But when the *Devil* of that did *diſpoſe*,
It *deſcended from thence to the rump* in the cloze.
Which no body can deny.

Nor is it likely there to ſtay long,
The Retentive Faculties being gone,
The *Juggle* is *ſtale*, and *Money* there's *none*.
Which no body can deny.

The *Secluded Members* made a *Tryal*
To *Enter*, but them the *Rump* did defy all
By the Ordinance of Self-denial.
Which no body can deny

Our *Politique Doctors* do us Teach, (*Leech*
That a *Bloud-ſucking Red-coat's as good as*
To Relieve the Head, if applied to the Breech.
Which no body can deny

But never was ſuch a *Worme as Vane*;
When the *State ſcour'd* laſt, it *voided* him then
Yet now he's *crept* into the *Rump* again.
Which no body can deny

Ludlow's Fart, was a *Prophetique Trump*:
(There never was any thing ſo Jump)
'Twas the very *Type*, of a *Vote* of this *Rump*.
Which no body can deny

They ſay 'tis good Luck, when a *Body riſes*
With the Rump upward; but he that adviſes
To *Live* in that *Poſture*, is none of the wiſeſt.
Which no body can deny
(*warr*

The *Reaſon* is *worſe*, though the *Rime* be *Unto*
When things proceed with the *wrong end forward*
But they talk of ſad news to the *Rump*, from
Which no body can deny. (the *Norward*

'Tis

'Tis a wonderful thing the *ſtrength of that part*,
At a *Blaſt*, it will take you a *Team* from a *Cart*;
And *Blow* a mans *Head* away with a *Fart*.
Which no body can deny.

When our *Brains* are *Sunck* below the *Middle*,
And our *Conſciences ſteer'd by the hey down-didle*
Then things will go round without a fiddle.
Which no body can deny.

You may order the *City* with a *Hand-Granado*
Or the *General* with a *Baſtonado*,
But no way for a *Rump* like a *Carbonado*.
Which no body can deny.

To make us as famous in *Counſel*, as *Warrs*,
Here's *Lenthal*, *a Speaker for mine*-----
And *Fleetwood is a man of Mars*.
Which no body can deny.

'Tis pitty that *Nedhams* Fall'n into Diſgrace,
For he orders a Bum with a marvailous Grace,
And ought to attend the *Rump* by his *Place*.
Which no body can deny.

Yet this in deſpight of all Diſaſters, (*ſters*,
Although he hath *Broken the Heads of his Ma-*
Tis ſtill his *profeſſion*, *to give'em all plaſters*.
Which no body can deny.

Let 'em cry down the Pope, till their throats (are sore
Their design was *to bring him in at the back door*
For the *Rump* has a mind to the *scarlet-Whore.*
Which no body can deny.

And this is a Truth at all hands confest,
However unskilfull in any of the rest,
The Rump speaks the Language of the Beast.
Which no body can deny.

They talk that *Lambert* is like to be *try'd*
For *Treason*, and *Buggery* beside,
Because that he did the *Rump* bestride.
VVhich no body can deny.

The *Rump's* an *old story*, if well understood
Tis a thing dress'd up in a *Parliaments* Hood,
And lik't; but the *Tail* stands where the *Head*
VVhich no body can deny. (should.
(itch,
Twould make a *man scratch, where it does not*
To see forty fools heads in one politick breech,
And that--*hugging the Nation as the Devil did*
VVhich no body can deny. (the witch.

From rotten Members preserve our VVives: (Lives
From the mercy of a Rump, our Estates and our
For they must needs go, whom the Devil drives.
VVhich no body can deny

A NEW BALLADE.

To an Old Tune. *Tom of Bedlam.*

MAke room for an *honeſt Red-coat,*
(And that you'll ſay's a wonder)
The *Gun,* and the *Blade,*
Are his *Tools,* —— and his *Trade,*
Is for *Pay,* to *Kill* and *Plunder.*
Then away with the Lawes,
And the Good old Cauſe,
Ne'r talk o'the Rump, *or the* Charter,
'Tis the Caſh does the feat,
All the reſt's *but a* Cheat,
Without That, *there's no* Faith, *nor* Quarter.

Tis the Mark of our Coin, GOD WITH US,
And the Grace of the Lord goes along with't
When the *Georges* are flown,
Then the *Cauſe goes down,*
For the Lord is departed from it.
Then away, &c.

For *Rome,* or for *Geneva.*
For the *Table,* or the *Altar,*
This ſpawn of a Vote,
He cares not a Groat-----

For

For the *Pence*, hee's your dog in a Halter.
Then away, &c.

Tho' the Name of *King* or *Biſhop*,
To Noſtrils pure may be *Loathſom*,
Yet many there are,
That agree with the *Mayor*,
That their *lands are wondrous toothſom*,
Then away, &c.

When our Maſters are Poor, we Leave 'em,
'Tis the *Golden Calf* we bow too:
We Kill, and we ſlay,
Not for Conſcience, but Pay;
Give us That, we'll fight for you too:
Then away, &c.

'Twas *That* firſt turned the *King* out;
The *Lords*, next: then, the *Commons*:
'Twas that kept up *Noll*,
Till the Devill fetch'd his Soul;
And then it ſet the *Bum* on's.
Then away, &c.

Drunken Dick was a *Lame Protector*,
And *Fleetwood* a *Backſlider*:
Theſe we ſerved as the reſt,
But the Citi's the Beaſt
That will never caſt her Rider.
Then away, &c.

Whe

When the *Mayor* holds the *Stirrop.*
And the *Shreeves* cry, *God ſpeed your Honours:*
Then, 'tis but a Jump,
And up goes the *Rump,*
That will ſpur to the Devill upon us.
Then away, &c.

And now for a fling at your *Thimbles,*
Your *Bodkins, Rings,* and *Whiſtles,*
In truck for your Toyes,
We'll fit you with Boys:
('Tis the doctrine of *Hugh's Epiſtles.*)
Then away, &c.

When your *Plate* is gone, and your *Jewels,*
You muſt next be entreated.
To part with your *Bags,*
And ſtrip you to *Rags,*
And yet not think y'are cheated.
Then away, &c.

The truth is, the *Town* deſerves it;
'Tis a *Brainleſs, Heartleſs Monſter:*
At a *Clubb* they may *Bawl,*
Or *Declare* at their *Hall,*
And yet at a puſh, not one ſtir.
Then away, &c.

Sir Arthur vows he'll treat 'em,
Far worſe than the Men of *Cheſter:*

Hees

He's *Bold*, now they're *Cow'd*,
But was nothing ſo *Lowd*
When he lay in the ditch at Leſter.
Then away, &c.

The *Lord* hath left *John Lambert*,
And the *Spirit*, *Feaks Anointed*,
But why oh Lord,
Haſt thou ſheathed thy Sword?
Lo, thy Saints are diſappointed.
Then away, &c.

Tho' Sir *Henry* be departed:
Sir *John* makes good the place now,
And to help on the work
Of the Glorious *Kirk*,
Our *Brethren* march apace too.
Then away, &c.

While *Divines*, and *States-men wrangle*,
Let the *Rump-ridden* Nation bite on't,
There are none but we
That are ſure to go free,
For the *Souldier's* ſtill in the right on't:
Then away, &c.

If our *Maſters* wont ſupply us,
With *Mony*, *Food*, and *Clothing*:
Let the *State* look to't,
We'll ha' one that will do't

Let

Let him Live,---we'll not damn for nothing.
Then away with the Laws,
And the Good old Cauſe,
Ne'r talk o'the Rump *or the* Charter,
'Tis the Caſh does the Feat,
All the reſt's *but a* Cheat,
Without That *theres no* Faith, *nor* Quarter.

THE BREECH WASH'D

By a Friend to the

RUMP.

To the Tune of *Old Simon the King*.

IN an humour of late I was
Y cleped a *doleful dump*.
Thought I---we're at a fine paſs;
Not a man ſtands up for the *Rump*:
But lets be *laſhed* o'r and o'r.
While it lies like a ſenſeleſſe Fop.---
Twould make a man a *VVhore*,
To ſee a *Tail Tew'd like a Top*.
Though a Rump *be a dangerous bit*,

And

And many a Knave runs mad on't,
Yet verily as it may hit,
An honest man may be glad on't,

To abuse a poor, *Blind* Creature---
I had like to have said and a *Dumb*;
But now it has gotten a *Speaker*,
And *Say* is the *Mouth* of the Bum,
When *Besse* rul'd the Land there was no man
Complain'd, and yet now they *Rail*:
I beseech you what *differs a Woman*
From a thing thats all Tongue, and Tail?
Though a Rump, &c.

The *Charter* we've sworn to defend,
And *propagate* the Cause.
What call ye those of the *Rump-end.*
But *Fundamental Laws*?
The *Case* is as clear as the Day,
There had been no Reformation,
If the *Rump* had not claw'd it away,
You had had no Propagation,
Though a Rump, &c.

As a *Bodyes* the better for a *Purge*,
Tho the *Guts* may be troubled with Gripes
So the *Nation* will mend with a *Scourge*,
Tho the *Tail* may be sick of the *Stripes.*
Ill humours to conveigh,
When the *State* hath taken a *Looseness*,

(Who can hold what will away?)
The Rump must do the buſineſs.
Though a Rump, &c.

The *bold Cavalier*, in the Field,
That laughs at your *Sword*, and *Gunſhot*,
An *Ord'nance* makes him to *yield*,
And he's glad to turn Tail to *Bum-ſhot*.
Old Oliver was a Teazer,
And waged warr with the *Stump*;
But *Alexander*, and *Cæſar*
Did both *ſubmit* to the *Rump*.
Tho' a Rump, &c.

Let no Man be further miſled
By an Errour, paſt Debate.
For *Sedgwick* has prov'd it the *Head*,
As well of the *Church* as the *State*;
Honeſt Hugh; that ſtill turns up the *Tippets*,
When he *Kneels* to *Adminiſter*;
Sayes --- a Rump, with *Skippons ſippets*,
Is a Diſh for a *Holy Siſter*.
Tho' a Rump, *&c.*

Were all the beter for't,
Tis the Fountain of *Love*, and of *Life*.
Tis *that* makes the *ſport*,
Keeps the *peace* betwixt *Man*, and *Wife*.
Oh; --- happy all they that have ſpent
Their *Bloud*, *and* Eſtates on the *Breech*,

For

For they're ſure, at laſt to *Repent*;
and they'd better dye *Honeſt*, then *Rich*!
Tho' a Rump, *&c.*

Through *Pride* of *Fleſh*, or *State*
Poor Souls are overthrown:
How happy then is our Fate?
We've a Rump to take us down,
In matters of *Faith* tis true,
Some Differings there may be,
But give the *Saints* their due,
In the Rump they all agree.
Tho' a Rump, *&c.*

Tis good at *Bed*, and at *Bord*;
It gives us *Pleaſure* and *Eaſe*,
Will you have the reſt in a word?
Tis good for the new diſeaſe,
(The Tumult of the Guts;)
Tis a Recipe for the *Kings Evill*,
Waſh the Members as ſweet as Nuts,
And then throw them all to the Devil.
Though a Rump *be a dangerous* Bit,
And many a Knave runs mad on't,
Yet, verily, as it may hit,
An honeſt man may be glad on't.

Chipps

Chipps of the Old Block;

OR,

HERCULES

Cleanſing the

AUGAEAN STABLE.

To the Tune of, The Sword.

1.

NOw by your good leave Sirs,
*S*hall ſee the Rump can cleave Sirs,
And what Chips from this Treacherous Block
will come you may conceive Sirs.

2.

Lenthalls the firſt o'the Lump ſure,
A fart and he may jump ſure,
For both do ſtink, and both we know
Are Speakers of the Rump ſure.

3.

That Mine of Fraud *Sir Arthur*,
His *S*oul for *L*ands will Barter,
And if youd ride to Hell in a Wayn
Hee's fit to make your Carter,

4.

Sir *Harry Vane*, God bleſſe us.
To Popery hewould preſſe us,
And for the Divels Dinner he,
the *Romane* way would dreſſe us.

5.

Harry Martin never miſt-a
To love the wanton Twiſt-a,
And luſtfull Aretines bawdy Leaves
are his Evangeliſt-a.

6.

Harry Nevills no Wigeon,
His Practiſe truly ſtygian
Makes it a Maſter-Piece of wit
to be of no Religion.

7.

But my good *Lord Glyn Man*,
Pride is a deadly ſin Man,
Cots plultera nails few Traitors be
like you of all your kin Man.

8.

If *Saint-John* be a Saint Sir,
He hath a deviliſh Taynt *Sir*,
While *Straffords* blood in Heavens High Co
of Juſtice makes complaint *Sir*.

9.

Doctor *Palmers* all day ſleeping,
And into his Heart neer peeping,
'Tis ill he that neglects his own,
Should have All-ſouls in keeping.

10. *Wi*

10.

Will. Bruertons a ſinner,
And, *Croyden* knowes, a Winner
But O take heed leaſt he do eat
The Rump all at one Dinner.

11.

Robin Andrews is a Miſer,
Of Coblers no deſpiſer,
And could they vamp him a new head,
perhaps he would be Wiſer.

12.

* But *Baron Wild* come out here,
Shew your *Ferret* face and Snout here,
For you being both a Fool and Knave
are a Monſter in the Rout here.

13.

Nick. Lechmere Loyalty needs ſtill,
And on Weather-Cocks he feeds ſtill,
If Heathen, Turk or Jew ſhould come,
ſo he would change his Creed ſtill.

14.

There's half-witted *Will. Say* too.
A right fool in the Play too.
That would make a perfect Aſs,
if he could learn to Bray too.

15.

Cornelius thou wert a Link-boy,
And born tis like, in a Sink boy,
Ide tell thy Knavery to the World,
but thy pitch ſticks in my ink boy.

16.

Baron *Hill* was but a Valley,
And born ſcarce to an Alley,
But now is Lord of *Taunton-Dean*
and thouſands he can Ralley.

17.

But if you ask the Nation,
Whence came his Elevation,
They'l ſay he was not raiſed by God,
but by our inundation.

18.

Lord *Fines* he will not Mall men,
For he likes not death of all men,
And his heart doth go to Pit to Pat,
when to Battle he ſhould call men.

19.

Perfidious *Whitlock* Ever,
Hath miſchief unders Beaver,
And for his ends will put the World
into a burning Feavour.

20.

Aſhley Cowper knew a Reaſon,
That Treachery was in Seaſon,
When at the firſt he turned his coat
From Loyalty to Treaſon.

21.

And gouty Maſter *Wallop*,
Now thinks he hath the Ballop,
But though he trotted to the Rump
heel run away a Gallop-

22. Theres

22.

Theres *Carew Rawleigh* by him,
All good men do defie him,
And they that think him not a knave,
I wiſh they would but try him.

23.

Luke Robinſon that Clownado,
Though his heart be a Granado.
Yet a High-Shooe with his hands in his Poke,
Is his moſt perfect ſhadow.

24.

Soloway with Tobacco,
Inſpired, turnd State Quacko;
And got more by his feigned zeal,
Then by his What de'e Lack ho.

25.

But *Liſle* is half forgotten,
Who oft is over ſhotten,
For juſt like *Harp* and Gridiron
his Brains with Law do Cotten.

26.

Lords *Monſon*'s next the Bencher,
Who waited with a Trencher,
Now his tail is jerk'd at home and abroad,
For he's a feeble Wencher.

27.

We hear from Sir *John Lenthall*,
Though his gouty Lord hath ſpent all,
His Rumps plac'dwrong, but tis his face,
that is right fundamental.

29.

What Knaves are more to be vext Sirs,
You'l here when I ſing next ſirs.
For now my Muſe is tir'd with this
abominable Text ſirs.

Ridentem dicere verum, Quid vetat?

RUMP RAMPANT,

OR THE

Sweet Old Cauſe in ſippets:

To the Tune of,

Laſt Parliament ſat as ſnug as a Cat.

IN the name of the fiend,
What the *Rump* up agin,
The delk, and the good old cauſe,
If they ſettle agin,
Which to think were a ſin,
Good night to Religion and Laws.

Firſt Tithes muſt go down
Like a ſprig of the Crown,
Although J. Presbyter grumble;
Already they tel's
Our Lead and our Bells
They'l ſell, next our Churches muſt tumble.

This poor *Engliſh* Nation,
By this Generation
Hath been grieved 11. years and more,
But in that ſeaſon,
And not without reaſon,
They ha'thrice been turn'd out of door.

Which they pleaſe to call force,
Yet themſelves can do worſe,
For this Pareel of a Houſe
Dare keep out of door,
Thrice as many more,
And value the Law not a Louſe.

Firſt by Owl-light they met,
And by that light they ſet,
The reaſon of it mark,
Their Acts and the light,
Do differ quite,
Their deeds do beſt with the dark.

Eſquire *Lenthal* had ſwore,
He'd ſit there no more,
Unleſs in with Oxen they drew him,
That he once might ſpeak true,
They pick'd him out two,
Sent *Pembrook* and *Salisbury* to him.

When theſe Gamſters were pack'd,
The firſt gracious act
Was for pence for their friends of the Army,
Who for any ſide fight,
Except't be the right;
Sixſcore thouſand a month won't harm ye,

Yet many there be,
Say the Houſe is not free,
When I am ſure of that,
T'one another they're ſo free,
That the Nation do ſee,
They're to free for us to be fat.

Religion they wav'd,
Now they had us enſlav'd
And got us ſure in their Claw,
They puld of their mask,
And ſet us our task,
Which is next to make Brick without Straw.

The next act they made,
Was for helping of Trade,
So they ſettled again the *Exciſe*,
Which the City muſt pay,
For ever and aye,
Yet might have choſe had they been wiſe.

To pull down their King,
Their plate they could bring,
And other precious things,
So that *Segwick* and *Peters*,
Were no ſmall getters
By their Bodkins, thimbles and rings.

But when for the good
Of the Nation 'twas ſtood
Half ruined and forlorn,
Though't lay in their power,
To redeem't in an hour,
Not a Citizen put out his horn.

They had manacled their hands,
With Kings and Biſhops Lands,
And ruined the whole Nation,
So that no body cares,
Though they and their Heirs,
Be Cornute to the third Generation.

May their wives on them frown,
But laugh and lie down,
To any one elſe turn up Trump;
To mend the breed,
As I think there is need
Be rid like their Men by the *Rump*.

And may theſe wiſe Sophees,
Pay again for their Trophees,
For I hope the Parliaments means
(Now they ha'been at the coſts,
To ſet up the poſts)
To make them pay well for the Chains.

FORTUNATE RISING, or the RUMP UPWARD.

Good people & you that have been undone
By Guns, & Drums & the Trumpets tone,
And new hard words ſince Forty and One.
Which no body can deny,
Here is a word, that will plague you more
Then any, that ever went before,
'Tis the *Rump* of *Harry Martins* Whore,
Which, &c. The

The *Cauſe* was at firſt a pretty conceit
To create a durty Rebel great;
But now that has left th' imperial Seat,
Which, &c.

A *General* was a glorious Name,
Till *Eſſex* his Member ſpoilt it's Fame;
For a Souldier ought to be good at the Game,
Which, &c.

The *Communication* Line was a Jigge,
And as good as the Bath to make women big,
Who never were ſo, till they learnt to Digge,
Which, &c.

Artillery was a thundring word,
Where many a Spear'd with Musket and ſword
To fright poor *Atkins* out of a Turd,
Which, &c.

Cavalier was a name of as great a Force,
As *Centaure*, that is both Man and Horſe,
And for Raviſhing ſuffered many a curſe,
Which, &c.

Yet every Woman that had this fear,
Although in her heart a Roundhead ſhe were,
In her belly ſhe wiſht a Cavalier,
Which, &c.

Sequeſtration ſcar'd Men out of their Plate,
Exciſe drew potent Ale out of date,
And the corps *de Garde* broke many of pate,
Which, &c.

The *Plunderers* made men hide their money,
And women their jewels, if they had any;

And

And one there was, hid Gold in her Cunny,
Which, &c.

A *Commonwealth* is a Citizens truſt,
And by his wife ador'd it muſt,
As a Topique to prove adultery juſt,
VVhich, &c.

The Protector ſtorm'd with all mankind,
Made Kings, and Princes walk behind,
Till the Devil out-ranted him in a wind,
VVhich, &c.

The *Committee of Safety* threw the Dye;
But ſome body ſpit in his face from on high,
And made the valiant *Fleetwood* cry,
VVhich, &c.

But the *Rump* is a word of ſuch a power,
Pronounc'd, your beer, like thunder, twill ſour
And after make you ſquitter an howr,
Which, &c.

The ſquirting at *Epſom's* not worth a louſe,
Rump outdoes all, that comes there to carouſe;
For it ſhit from *Portſmouth* to *Wallingf.* houſe,
Which, &c.

If *Booth* were no Knave, a Fool let him be,
To keep ſuch a ſtir for Liberty,
When the *Rump* ſets all it's Tenants Free,
Which, &c.

He that could imitate ſounds in a fart,
And ſpeak from behind with a wondrous Art,
Were he living now, ſhould take *Lenthals* part,
Which. &c.

And

And then a Fart for the Cityes forces,
For *Monk* that's coming with all his *Horſes*,
And a T--- for *Fairfaix* too, that worſe is,
Which, &c.

A *Parſon* once in a frolick Divine,
Exhauſted Glaſſes, twenty and nine,
For Turkey's *Rump* in Canary wine,
Which, &c.

And ſure he receiv'd a Revelation,
When to preach he left his firſt Vocation,
That a *Rump* in time ſhould rule the Nation,
Which, &c.

Montelions Dial's a droling Mock,
With a ſtick in the Countrey Fellows dock,
And fitter now then the *Pallace* clock,
Which, &c.

Morlay a joynt of the *Rump* grew big,
And ſwelling; but politick *Haſlerigg*,
Ha's ſent him for phyſick to Doctor *Trigge*,
Which &c.

Mad *Vane* was Anointed King, and ſaid,
He received a Crown that burden'd his Head,
For which the *Rump* ſent him home to Bed,
VVhich, &c.

The Abiuring Oath made the Speaker Sick,
Which *Haſilrigg* taking in the Nick,
For his fain'd one ſhow'd him a real Trick,
VVich, &c.

Thus, what for aliment is unfit,
The Tail by a vertue guiding it,

Ex-

Excludes, and leaves it self beſhit,
VVhich, &
Let no Man pretend any Cauſe,
Againſt the *Rump* to open his Jawes,
For it rules by the *Fundamental* Laws,
VVhich no body can den

A proper New Ballad on the OLD PARLIAMENT, OR, THE Second patt of *Knave out of doors.*

To the Tune of *Hei ho my hony,*
My heart ſhall never rue,
Four and Twenty now for your Mony,
And yet a hard penny worth too.

GOod morrow my Neighbours all,
What news is this I heard tell?
As I paſt through *Weſtminſter-Hall,*
By the houſe that's neer to Hell:
They told me *John Lambert* was there,
With his Bears, and deeply did ſwear:
(As *Cromwel* had done before)
Thoſe Vermine ſhould ſit there no more.

Sing

Sing hi ho Will. Lenthall,
Who ſhall our General be?
For the Houſe to the Devil is ſent all,
And follow gid faith mun ye.
Sing hi ho, &c.
Then Muſe ſtrike up a Sonnet,
Come piper and play us a ſpring.
For now I think upon it,
Theſe Rs turn'd out their King.
But now it muſt come about,
That once again they muſt turne out:
And not without juſtice and reaſon,
That every one home to his priſon.
Sing hi ho Harry Martin,
A Burgeſſe of the Bench
There's nothing here is certain,
You muſt back and leave your Wench.
Sing hi ho, &c.
He there with the buffle head,
Is called Lord, and of the ſame houſe,
Who (who as *I* have heard it ſaid)
Was chaſtis'd by his Ladie-Spouſe.
Becauſe he run at ſheep,
She and her Maid gave him the Whip;
And beat his head ſo addle,
Yoo'd think he had a knock in the cradle,
Sing hi ho Lord Mounſon.
You ha' got a park of the Kings,
One day you'l hang like a hounſon,
For this and other things.
Sing hi ho, &c.

It

It was by there Masters order
At first together they met.
Whom piously they did murder,
And since by their own they did set.
The cause of this disaster,
Is 'cause they were false to their Master.
Nor can their *Gensd'armes* blame,
For serving them the same.
Sing hi ho Sir Arthur,
No more in the house you shall prate;
For all you kept such a quarter,
You are out of the Councell of State.
Sing hi ho, &c.
Old *Noll* gave them once a purge
(forgetting *Occidisti,*)
(The furies be his scourge)
So of the cure mist he.
And yet the drug he well knew it,
For he gave it to Dr. *Huit.*
Had he given it them he had done it,
And they had not turn'd out his son yet.
Sing hi ho brave Dick,
L. *Hall and* Lady Joan,
Who did against loyalty kick,
Is now for a New-years-gift gone.
Sing hi ho, &c.
For had old *Noll* been alive,
He had puld them out by the ears.
Or else had fired their Hive,
And kickt them down the stairs;

ecauſe they were ſo bold,
to vex his righteous ſoul.
Vhen he ſo deeply had ſwore,
That there they ſhould never ſit more.
But hi ho Nol's *dead*,
nd ſtunk long ſince above ground,
Though lapt in ſpices and lead,
hat coſt us many a pound.
Sing hi ho, &c.

ndeed brother Burgeis your *Ling*
Did never ſtink half ſo bad;
Vor did your Habberdin,
VVhen it no peaſe-ſtraw had.
e were both choſe together,
Cauſe ye wore ſtuff-cloaks in hard weather.
nd *Cambridge* needs would have
A Burgeſſe fool and knave.
Sing hi ho J. Lowry,
oncerning Abberdine.
No member ſpake before ye,
et ye neer ſpoke again.
Sing hi ho my bony my heart ſhall never rue,
Here's all pickt ware for your money,
And yet a hard penny worth too.

ed Prideaux he went poſt,
To tell the Protector the news.
hat *Fleethood* ruled the roſt,
Having tane of *Dicks* ſhooes.

And that he did believe,
Lambert would him deceive;
As he his brother had gul'd,
And *Cromwell Fairfaix* bul'd.
Sing hi ho the Aturney
Was ſtill at your command,
In flames together burn ye,
Still dancing hand in hand.

Who's that that would hide his face.
And his neck from the coller pull?
He muſt appear in this place,
If his cap be made of Wool.
Who is it with a vengeance?
It is the good Lord *Saint Johns!*
Who made Gods houſe to fall,
To build his own withall.
Sing hi ho who comes there?
Who tis I muſt not ſay;
But by his dark-lanthorn I ſwear
He's as good in the night as day.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Edge Brethren, room for one,
That looks as big as the beſt;
'Tis pitty to leave him alone,
For he is as good as the reſt.
No picklock of the laws,
He builds among the Daws.
If you ha' any more Kings to murder,

For

For a Preſident look no further.
Sing hi ho J. Bradſhaw,
In blood none further engages;
The Devil from whom he had's law
Will ſhortly pay him his wages.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Next peagooſe *Wild* come in,
To ſhew your weeſle face,
And tell us *Burleys* ſin,
whoſe blood bought you your place.
When Loyalty was a crime,
He liv'd in a dangerous time.
Was forc'd to pay his neck,
To make you Baron of the Cekque.
Sing hi ho Jack ſtraw
We'l put it in the Margent,
'Twas not for juſtice or law
That you were made a Seargeant.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Noll ſerv'd not *Satan* faſter,
Nor with him did better accord;
For he was my good Maſter,
And the divel was his good Lord.
Both *Slingsby*, *Gerrard*, and *Hewit*,
Were ſure enough to go to it,
According to his intent,
That choſe me Preſident.
Sing hi ho Lord Liſle

Sure law had got a wrench,
And where was justice the while,
When you sat on the bench?
Sing hi ho &c.

Next comes the good Lord *Keble,*
Of the triumvirate
Of the seal, in law but feeble,
Though on the bench he sate.
For when one puts him a case,
I wish him out of the place,
And if it were not a sin,
An abler lawyer in.
Sing give the seal about,
Ide have it so the rather,
Because we might get out,
The Knave my Lord my Father.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Pull out the other there.
It is *Nathaniel Fines.*
(Who Bristol lost for fear)
We'll not leave him behind's;
Tis a Chip of that good old block,
Who to loyalty gave the first knock.
Then stole away to *Lundey,*
Whence the foul fiend fetches him one day.
Sing hi ho Canting Fines,
You and the rest to mend'um,
Would you were served in your kinds,

With

With an enſe reſcidendum-
Sing hi ho, &c.

He that comes now down ſtairs,
Is Lord chief Juſtice *Glin.*
If no man for him cares
He cares as little again.
The reaſon too I know't,
He help to cut *Straffords* throat,
And take away his life,
Though with a cleaner knife.
Sing hi ho Britain bold,
Straight to the bar you get.
Where it is not ſo cold
As where your juſtice ſet.
Sing hi ho, &c.

He that ſhall next come in,
Was long of the Council of State;
Though hardly a hair on his chin,
When firſt in the Council he ſate:
He was ſometime in *Italy,*
And learned their faſhions prettily.
Then came back to's own Nation
To help up Reformation.
Sing hi ho Harry Nevil,
I pretbee be not to raſh,
With Atheiſm to court the Devil,
You'r too bold to be his Bardaſh.
Sing hi ho, &c.

He there with ingratitude blackt
Is one *Cornelius Holland:*
Who but for the Kings house lackt,
VVherewith to appease his colon.
The case is well amended,
Since that time, as I think,
VVhen at Court gate he tended,
With a little stick and a short link.
Sing hi ho Cornelius,
Your zeal cannot delude us,
The reason pray now tell us,
VVhy thus you plaid the Judas?
Sing hi ho, &c.

At first he was a Grocer.
VVho now we Major call:
Although you would think no sir,
If you saw him in *VVite-Hall.*
VVhere he has great command,
And looks for cap in hand,
And if our eggs be not addle,
Shall be of the next new Moddle.
Sing hi ho Mr. Salloway
The Lord in Heaven doth know
When that from Heaven you shall away
Where to the Divel you'l go:
Sing hi ho, &c.

Little *Hill* since set in the House,
Is to a Mountain grown:

Nor that which brought forth the Mouſe,
But thouſands the year of his own.
The purchaſe that I mean,
Where elſe but a *Taunton-Dean?*
Five Thouſand pound *per annum,*
A ſum not known to his Granam.
Sing hi the Good old Cauſe
Tis old although not true
You got more by that then the Laws,
So a Good old Cauſe *to you.*
Snig hi ho, &c.

Maſter *Cecil* pray come behind
Becauſe on your own accord,
The other Houſe you declin'd,
You ſhall be no longer a Lord.
The reaſon as I gueſs
You ſilently did confeſs,
Such Lords deſerved ill,
The other Houſe to fill.
Sing hi ho Mr. Cecil,
Your honour now is gone,
Such Lords are not worth a whiſtle,
We made better Lords of our own.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Luke Robinſon ſhall go before ye,
That ſnarling Northern tike,
Be ſure hee'l not adore ye,
For honour he doth not like.

He cannot honour inherit,
And he knows he can never merit;
And therefore he cannot bear it
That any one elſe ſhould wear it:
Sing hi ho envious lown,
You'r of the Beagles kind,
Who alwayes barked at the Moon,
Becauſe in the dark it ſhin'd.
Sing hi ho, &c.

'Tis this that vengeance rowſes
That while you make long prayers,
You eat up widdows houſes
And drank the Orphans tears.
Long time you kept a great noiſe,
Of God and the *Good old Cauſe*;
But if God to you be ſo kind,
Then *I* am of the Indians mind,
Sing hi ho Sir Harry.
We ſee by your demeanor,
If longer here you tarry,
You'l be Sir Harry Vane Senior.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Now, if your zeal do warm ye,
Pray lowd for fairer Weather,
Swear to live and die with the Army,
For theſe Birds are flown together,
The Houſe is turned out a door,
(And I think it was no ſin too)

If

If we take them there any more,
Wee'l throw the Houſe out of the window.
Sing hi ho Tom Scot,
You lent the Devil your hand:
I wonder he helpt you not,
But ſuffred you t'be trapand.
Sing hi ho, &c.

They'r once again conduced,
And we freed from the evil
To which we long were uſed,
God bleſs us next from the Divel!
If they had not been outed,
The Army had been routed,
And then this Rotten *Rump,*
Had ſat until the laſt trump.
But hi ho Lamberts *here,*
The Protectors Inſtrument bore:
And many there be that ſwear,
His Lady had done it before.
Sing hi ho, &c.

Come here then honeſt *Peters.*
Say Grace for the ſecond courſe:
So long as theſe your betters,
Muſt patience have upon force.
Long time ye kept a great noiſe,
With God and the *Good old Cauſe,*
But if God own ſuch as theſe,
Then where's the Divels Fees.

Sing

Sing hi ho Hugo,
I hear thou art not dead,
Where now to the Divel will you go
Your Patrons being fled.
Sing hi ho my hony,
My heart shall never rue:
Four and Twenty now for a penny,
And into the bargain HUGH.

A CITY BALLADE.

To the Tune of *Down in a bottom.*

1.

SInce the *Realm* lost its head
All our trading is dead
And our *mony* and *Credit* is flown
We have try'd many new,
But find it too true
That no *head* fits so well as our own.

2.

2.

The *Drum* and the *Trump*
Devour'd all to the *Rump*
And then they *dranke healths* for that
But that yeilding no greaſe
They next came to ſqueeze
The *City* becauſe it was *fat*.

3.

The City declar'd
That they were afeard,
And they their *Militia* would ſettle,
But, except the Boyes,
They made only a noiſe
Their votes were *in dock out nettle*.

4.

The *Mayor* and his *Peers*
Durſt not for their ears
Aſſert the *Militia's* power:
Though once he ſeem'd for it
He does now abhorr it,
And *revolted* in leſs then an hour.

5.

Tis that Curſed *wedge*
That took of his edge,
For he looks like a jolly *clubber*;
If he had but the life

And Spirit of his Wife
He would not lye ſtill like a *Lubber*.

6.

Our pair of new *Shrieffs*
Hang by them like ſleeves
Their valour will ne're be their ſin;
So they be high and rich
They do not care which
Side looſes, if they may but win.

7.

That *Earwigg* that doth write
Himſelf *Lord* and *Knight*,
(And is one as much as the other)
Doth ſo ſtill undermine
That he ſpoiles our deſign
By the help of old *Beſs* his *Brother*.

8.

He cares not a pin
So as he may get in
Who ere he keep out of his right,
Hee'll turne and returne
But he hang'd ere hee'l burne.
For he dares neither *ſuffer* nor *fight*.

9.

His Ambition him thruſt
Into a *pageant* at firſt
And up to the *pulpit* next
Then into the chair

Of

Of our City Lord *Mayor*
Which he better improv'd then his *text*

10.

O there did he ſqueez
Out the *fines* and the *fees*,
Nor the *Church* nor the *Layty* 'ſcapes,
Had he ſtaid another Year
At which he did lear
He had preſt us like *Canaans Grapes.*

11.

There's juſt ſuch another
May well be called *Brother*
A *Collonel* ſtout and a *Knight*
And an *Alderman* too
As now *Aldermen* go
That will neither take wrong nor do right.

12.

We nere yet did know
That he durſt meet a foe
And his pale colour ſpeaks him afraid,
Yet in ſtory we read
He did one valiant deed
Which was to his *Maſters* maid.

13.

Then to get an Eſtate,
He found out a mate,

Which

Which was an old *Vſurers* Daughter
Supplanted the ſon
And then he begun
To be *wealthy* and *worſhipfull* after.

14.

There are more beſides him
Stands for the back *Limb*
A crue of ſuch *harlotry* tools
That who's not more blind
Then Fortune, may finde
That he raiſes ſome beſides fools.

15.

Some are wary grave firs
In their chains and their furrs
That dare not declare their opinion,
If hang'd they were all
One tear would not fall
Without the help of an Onion.

16.

There's one kin to a *Miter*
That's no *Presbyter*.
But loyal and honeſt and free,
Had we took down the Mayor
And plac'd him in the chair
Up ſome body had gone and we

17.

There's another a wit
Was for all he could get,
But now wheels about and is true;
He may win all our hearts
Would he uſe his beſt parts
With our foes as he did with the *Jew*.

18.

The reſt of the Court
Are a mixt colourd ſort
Rank *Presbyter* rank *Independent*,
They do ſtill ſo prevail
For the *Weſtminſter* tail
'Tis feard we ſhall ne're have an end on't.

19.

But our *Counſel* of Commons
Are valiant old *Romans*
And ſtand for our *peace* and *freedom*,
If that Dog that ſells Leather
And the Salesman together
Would either be honeſt or be dumb.

20.

But yet we can't ſee
Any reaſon why we
Should all be ſo much at their becks,
If we chains muſt forbear

Pray

Pray why ſhould they wear
A *Militia* about their necks?

21.

Our *Town Clerk* we took
Has a ſerious look
And his ſilence did ſhew him a *wit*
But we deſcern him no more
Then the Court heretofore
Did that ſullen *Maske* which he writ.

22.

The late *Petticoat* Squire
From his ſhop mounted higher
To the *Sword*, and from that he did *ſtart*
By his *mony* and *grace*
To a *Remembrances* place
Now reports when the *Rump* let a *fart*.

23.

Their *Chaplain* that praid
Now recants what he ſaid
And walks by a perfecter light.
The cauſe why he ſtraid
Was he wincked when he praid
Now his eyes are open hee's right.

24

What ere the cauſe be
We clearly may ſee

No good thing propos'd for the City's
But mens policy bends
It to their private ends
That tis ſpoyl'd by the cloſe *Committe*.

25.

And it needs muſt be ſo
For we all do well know
Tis for *wealth* men are put into *office*;
And he that has ſtore
Dominieres or'e the poor
Whether *Fool*, *Knave*, *Elder*, or *Novice*.

26.

We our *Members* have ſent,
But the quick *Parliament*
Had firſt ſent their *Members* we find,
Yet no body knows
With which ſide *Monke* will cloſe
Or will ſtand for *before*, or *behind*.

27.

Hees a Souldier no doubt
Both ſkilfull and ſtout
But had need be more then a *Stalian*
If his love ſhould extend
To the hindermoſt end
And uſe us like *Italian*

28.

A thouſand a year
If he could but tell where ('em
They thought would have made him to min
But they promiſe ſtill
As *Diego* mades will ('em
Great things, but none knowes where to fin

29.

In this prodigall trick
They have outdone old Nick
For what he did give he did ſhow.
Their titles the ſame,
And ſo is their aime
For ought any man doth know.

30.

Let it go as it will
We are *Citizens* ſtill
And free to this ſide, or that
We may prate, and may Vote,
But when it comes to't
Wee'l be true to no body knows what.

31.

But this we ſee plain
Twas for honour and gain
That we at the firſt did fall out,

And

And were not publick lands
Got in private mens hands
The times would soon turn about.

33.

And now we do find,
These Saints in their kind,
Those are mad that to aid them in *flocks* come
And he that will fight
To keep us all from our right.
Shall be chronicled for a *Coxcomb.*

THE RUMP DOCKT.

TIll it be underſtood
What is under *Moncks* Hood,
The City dare not ſhew his horns:
Till ten dayes be out,
The Speakers ſick of the Gout,
And the *Rump* doth ſit upon thorns.

If *Monck* be turn'd Scot
The *Rump* goes to pot,
And the *Good Old Cauſe* will miſcarry:
Like coals out of embers,
Revive the Old Members:
Off goes the *Rump*, like *Dick* and *Harry*.

Then

Then In come the Lords,
Who drew Parliament ſwords,
With Robes lined through with Ermin;
But Peers without Kings
Are very uſeleſs things,
And their Lordſhips counted but Vermin.

Now *Morley* and *Fagg*
May be put in a bagg,
And that doughty Man Sir *Arthur*;
In deſpair of his Foil,
With Alderman *Hoyle*,
Will become a Knight of the Garter.

That Knave in Grain
Sir *Harry Vane*
His caſe then moſt mens is ſadder;
There is little hope
He can ſcape the rope,
For the *Rump* turned him o're the Ladder.

That pretious Saint *Scott*
Shall not be forgot,
According to his own deſires;
Inſtead of Neck-verſe
Shall have it writ on his Herſe,
Here hangs one of the Kings Triers.

Thoſe

Thoſe nine ſons of *Mars*
That whipt the *Rumps* Arſe,
I mean the Commanders War-lick;
If the *Rump* ſmell ſtrong
With hanging too long,
Shall ſerve to ſtuff it with Garlick.

That parcel of Man
In length but a ſpan,
Whoſe wifes Eggs alwaies are addle;
Muſt quit the Life-guard,
As he did when skar'd
By *Lambert* out of the ſaddle.

Lambert may now turn Floriſt,
Being come off the pooreſt:
That ever did Man of the Sword:
The *Rump* let a fart
Which took away his heart,
And made him a ſquire of a Lord.

His *Cheſhire* glory
Is a pitifull ſtory,
There the Saints triumpht without battle;
But now *Monck* and his Friers
Have driven him into the Briers,
As he did *Booth* and his Cattle.

For the reſt of the *Rump*,
Together in a lump,
'Tis too late to cry, *Peccavi*;
Yee have ſinn'd all or moſt
Againſt the Holy Ghoſt,
And therefore the Divel muſt have ye.

But now valiant City,
Whether muſt thy Ditty
Be ſung in Verſe, or in Proſe,
For till the *Rump* ſtunk
For fear of *Monck*,
Thy *Militia* durſt not ſhew its Noſe.

Baſe Cowards and Knaves,
That firſt made us ſlaves,
Very Raſcals from the beginning;
Onely unto *Moncks* Sword
The Nation muſt afford
The honour of bringing the King in.

ARSY VERSY

Or, the Second

MARTYRDOM

OF THE

RUMP.

To the Tune of,

The Blind Beggar of Bednall-green.

1.

MY Muſe, to prevent leſt an after-clap come,
If the wind ſhould once more turn about for the bum,
As a preface of honour, and not as a frump
Firſt with a Sirreverence uſhers the *Rump.*

2.

I ſhall not diſpute whether Long-tails of *Kent.*
Or Papiſt this name of diſgrace did invent;
Whoſe Legend of lies, to defame us the more,
Hath entail'd on us *Rumps* ne're heard on before,

But

3.

But now on its Pedigree longer to think,
(For the more it is ſtir'd the more it will ſtink)
Tis a greed the *Rumps* firſt report in the Town
(*Brown*
Did ariſe from the Wooden invention of

4.

Old *Oliver*'s noſe had taken in ſnuff,
When it ſate long ago, ſome unſavoury puff;
Then up went the *Rump*, and was ferkt to the
(quick,
But it ſetled in ſpight of the teeth of poor *Dick*,

5. (and *Vane*,

Then the Knight of the Peſtle, King *Lambert*,
With a Scepter of Iron did over it reign:
But the *Rump* ſoon re-ſetled, and to their diſ-
(grace
Like Excrements voided them out of the place.

6.

It did now, like a truants wel-diſciplin'd Bum,
With the rod of affliction harder become;
Or elſe like the Image in *Daniel* it was,
(braſs
Whoſe head was of Gold, but whoſe tail was of

7.

It endured the firſt heat, and proved no ſtarter,
(Martyr,
But ſung in the midſt of the flames like a
And whisk'd the tail like a terrible Farter,
And ſounded moſt cheerfully, *Vive Sir Arthur*.

8.

8.

But the next fire Ordeall put into a dump,
Sir *Orlando* the furious chief joynt of the *Rump*
That he looked like the picture of *Richard* the
Or like an ejected and frost-bitten T-- (Third

9.

'Tis said that his *Durindana* he drew,
And a Wight on the Road most manfully slew?
(they tell us
But, pardoned by *Charls*, made good what
How ill tis to, save a thief from the Gallows.

10.

Being now to be burn'd, he soon did expire,
(fire,
For he was but a flash, and would quickly take
So that their fewel upon him to spend,
What was it but Coals to *Newcastle* to send?

11.

To bring 'em to th' stake as in order they lye,
Harry Martin the next place must occupy;
(swore,
'Twas expected in vain he should blaze, for he
That he had been burnt to the stumps before.

12

Tom Scot for the *Bum* most stifly did stand,
Though once by a *Bum* he was foully trapand;
But time and his office of *Secretary* (carry.
Had learnt him his business more private to

13

Some thought he arriv'd at his dignity first,
By being so well in iniquity verst, The

The myſtery of which he hath practis'd of late
(State.
In his function, which was, to be baud to the

14.

Hob Morley in ſilence did ſuffer the loſſe
(Croſs,
Of his R*ump*, and with patience took up the
(would ſwear
That to ſee him ſo ſing'd and ſo ſcorcht you
No Camel more meekly his burden could bear.

15.

(true
The *Speaker* was thought to the *Rump* to be
Becauſe like a *Fart* at the firſt he burnt blew;
But ſtreight he was cunningly ſeen to retire,
For fear to endanger the Rolls in the fire.

16.

St. *John* a mortal of fleſh and of blood,
Swore by St. * *Peter* the example was good:
So facing about and ſhifting his ſtation,
(on.
He turn'd o're a new leaf in *S. Johns Revelati-*

17.

Harry Nevel that looks like a *Mahomets* pigeon,
Accuſed to be of a State-mans Religion,
Is left to his choice what proceſſe hee'l have
To be burnt for an Athieſt, or hang'd for a

18.

(Knave.
Now ſtop thy noſe reader for *Atkins* do's come
That ſhame to the Breeches as well as the *Bum*.
To wiſh he were burnt were an idle deſire,
For he comes provided to ſhit out the fire.

19.

But leaſt he without a companion ſhould be,
Here's *Liſle* that comes next ſtinks worſer (then he;
So fouly corrupt, you may plac't in your creed
Such a Rump could alone ſuch a Fiſtula breed.

20.

Poor *Ludlow* was bogg'd in *Ireland of late*,
And to purge himſelf came to the Rump of the State;
But gravely they told him he had acted amiſs.
When he ſought to betray the *Rump* with a *kiſs*

21.

Ned Harby was ſure an herb *John* in the pot,
Yet could he not ſcape the diſaſterous lot:
Scaree Church'd of the Gout was the truſty (old Squire
But he hopt from the frying-pan into the fire.

22.

Robin Andrews was laid on laſt as they tell us
For a log to keep down the reſt of his fellows;
Though he ſpent on the City, like one of the *Royſters*,
Each morning his * two pence in Sack and in Oyſters,

23.

Next *Praiſe-God*, although of the *Rump* he was none,
Was for his petition burnt to the *Bare-bone*:
So *praiſe-God* & *Rump*, like true *Joſep.* together,
Did ſuffer; but *praiſe-God* loſt the more * *leather*

Theres

24.

There's *Lawſon* another dag-lock of the tail,
That the water to avoid to the water did ſail;
And in godly ſimplicity means (as they ſay)
To manage the ſtern, tho the *Rumps* out of play

25.

But *Overton* moſt with wonder doth ſeize us,
By ſecuring of *Hull* for no leſs than *Chriſt Jeſus*,
Hoping (as it by the ſtory appears) (years
To be there his Lieutenant for one thouſand

26.

Lord *Mounſon*? Oh *Venus*! what do you here?
I little thought you were a Rumper I ſwear:
But an impotent Lord will thus far avail,
He will ſerve for a cloak to cover the tail.

27.

To burniſh his Starr Mr. *Salsburies* come.
With the Atmos of gold that fal from the *bum*;
Sure 'twas but a Meteor, for I muſt tell yee,
It ſmelt as 'twere turning to th' *Aldermans* jelly

28.

Brother *Pembrock* comes laſt, & do's not diſdain
Tho deſpis'd by the world, to bear up the train:
But after new lights ſo long he did run,
That they brought him to *Bethlehem* before (they had done.

29.

Thus the Foxes of *Sampſon* that carried a brand
In their tails, to deſtroy & to burn up the land;

In

In the flames they had kindled themſelves to (expire,
And the dee'l give them brimſtone unto their (fire.

* He hath a great kindneſs for that Saint, not becauſe of his *Keys*, (which he knew he ſhould never make uſe of) but in reference to *Peterborough* Minſter, the ſtones of which built his new houſe.

* Some *Authors* hold it was but three half pence, but Poetry will not admit broken number.

* Courteous Reader he is a *Leather-ſeller*.

* Not *Bethlehem* in *Juda* (for he is none of the *Magi*.)

A CHRISTMAS SONG VVhen the *Rump* was firſt diſſolved

To the Tune of, *I tell thee Dick.*

THis Chriſtmas time, 'tis fit that we
Should feaſt and ſing and merry be,
It is a time of mirth;
For never ſince the World began
More joyfull news was brought to man
Then at our *Saviours* birth.

But

But ſuch have been theſe times of late,
That Holydayes are out of date,
And holyneſſe to boot;
For they that do deſpiſe and ſcorn
To keep the day that Chriſt was born,
Want holineſs no doubt.

That Parliament that took away
The obſervation of that day
We know it was not free
For if it had, ſuch acts as thoſe,
Had nee'r been ſeen in verſe or proſe
You may conclude with me.

'Twas that aſſembly did maintain
Twas law to kill their Soveraign,
Who by that law muſt dye,
Though Gods anointed ones are ſuch
Which Subjects ſhould not dare to touch
Much leſſe to crucifie.

Twas that which turned our Biſhops out,
Of houſe and home both branch and root.
And gave no reaſon why,
And all our Clergy did expell,
That would not do like that Rebell
This no man can deny.

It was that Parliament that took
Out of our Churches our *Service book*,
A book without compare; And

And made Gods houſe (to all our griefs)
That houſe of Prayer a den of thiefs,
Both here and every where

They had no head for many years
Nor heart (I mean the *Houſe* of Peers)
And yet it did not dye,
Of theſe long, ſince it was bereaft,
And nothing but the Tayl was left,
You know't as well as I.

And in this tail there was a tongue
Lenthall I mean whoſe fame hath wrung,
In Countrey and in City,
Not for his worth or eloquence;
But for a Rebell to his Prince,
And neither wiſe nor witty.

This ſpeakers words muſt needs be winde,
Since they proceeded from behind,
Beſides you may Remember,
From thence no act could be diſcreet,
Nor could the ſenſe o'th houſe be ſweet,
Where *Atkins* was a Member.

This tale's now done, the *Speakers* dumb
Thanks to the trumpet and the drum,
And now *I* hope to ſee,
A Parliament that will reſtore
All things that were undone be before
That we may Chriſtians be.

BUM-FODER

OR

VVASTE-PAPER

Proper to wipe the *Nations* RUMP with, or your Own.

FRee quarter in the North is grown so scarce,
That *Lambert* with all his men of Mars
Have submitted to kiss the Parliaments *Arse*,
Which no body can deny.

If this should prove true (as we do suppose:
Tis such a *wipe* as the RUMP and all's Foes
Could never give to old *Olivers* Nose,
Which, &c.

Theres a Proverb come to my mind not unfit,
When the head shall see the RUMP all be-shit
Sure this must prove a most lucky *hit*:
Which, &c.

There is another proverb which every *Noddy*,
Will jeer the RUMP with, and cry *Hoddy-dodd*
Heres a Parliament all *Arſe* and no Body,
Which &c.

Tis a likely matter the World will mend
When ſo much blood and Treaſure we ſpend,
And yet begin at the wrong end.
Which &c.

We have been round, and round about twirl'd,
And through much ſad confuſions hurl'd,
And now we are got into the *arſe* of the world:
Which &c.

But 'tis not all this our courage will quail, (ſail,
Or make the brave Sea-men to the RUMP ſtrike
If we can have no *head* we will have no *tail*
Which &c.

Then let a free *Parliament* be turn'd trump,
And ne're think any longer the Nation to *mump*
With your pocky, perjur'd damn'd old RUMP:
Which &c.

But what doth Rebel *Rump* make here, (ſwear)
When their proper place (as *Will: Pryn* doth
Is at the Devils Arſe in *Derbyſhire:*
Which &c.

The

Then thither let us ſend them a tilt,
For if they ſtay longer, they will us beguile
With a Government that is *looſe in the hilt:*
Which &c.

You'l find it ſet down in *Harrington's* Moddle
Whoſe brains a commonwealth do ſo coddle
That t'as made a *Rotation* in his noddle:
Which &c.

Tis a pitiful paſs you men of the Sword (Lord,
Have brought your ſelves to, that the *Rump's* your
And *Arſie Verſie* muſt be the word:
Which &c.

Our powder and ſhot you did freely ſpend
That the Head you might from the Body rend,
And now you are at [illegible] with the *But-end:*
Which &c.

Old *Martin* and *Scot* have [illegible]ch an itch,
That they wil with the *Rump* try to'ther twitch,
And *Lenthal* can *greaſe a fat Sow in the brich:*
Which &c.

(Cooks
That's a thing that would pleaſe the Butchers &
To ſee this ſtinking *Rump* quite off the hooks,
And *Jackdaw* go to pot with the *Rooks:*
Which &c.

This froward Sir *John* (who the Rump did ne're
(fail)

Againſt *Charles Stuart* in a Speech did rail,
But men ſay it was *without head or tail:*
Which &c.

Juſt ſuch is the Government we live under,
Of a *Parliament* thrice cut in ſunder;
And this hath made us the Worlds wonder,
Which &c.

Old *Noll* when we talk't of *Magna Charta*,
Did propheſie well we ſhould all ſmart-a;
And now we have found his *Rump's Magna Farta*,
Which &c.

But I can't think *Monk* (though a Souldier and ſloven)
To be kin to the Fiend whoſe feet are cloven,
Nor will *creep i' th' Rumps Arſe to bake in their Oven*,
Which &c.

Then ſince he is coming, e'ne let him come
From the North to the South, with Sword & Drum
To beat up the quarters of this lewd *Bum*;
Which &c.

And now of this Rump I'le ſay no more,
Nor had I begun, but upon this ſcore,
There was ſomething *behind*, which was not *before*.
Which &c.

A VINDICATION OF THE RUMP:

OR, THE RUMP RE-ADVANC'D

To the Tune of *Up tails all.*

FUll many a Ballad hath been Penn'd,
and ſcoffing Poem Writ
Againſt the RUMP; but I intend
to ſpeak in Praiſe of it
Come *Jove* and *Apollo*, come *Venus* and *Mars*,
And lend your aſſiſtance: to ſpeak of the *A*—
Will require a Prodigious wit.

There's ſcarce a Lady to be found
that loves either Pear or Plum

One halfe ſo well, if ſhe be ſound,
as tabering at her B---.
It may be, you'l ſay, I'm wide of the Caſe
Since that Muſick's made in a diſtant place:
I anſwer the bredth of your Thumb.

When Alderman *Atkins* did bemar
his Hoſe, through a Panick fear,
And Captain *Rea* that man of War,
Oh! what a Hogo was there?
If you ask me, what praiſe is in this? at a word,
The Captain ſo fenced himſelf by a T---
that his enemies could not come near.

There is not a Lawyer in Countrey or Town,
whoſe Rhetorick doth prevail,
Although he hath purchas'd Fee-ſimple by th' Gown,
but loves to be dealing in tail;
And I may well ſwear by *Apollo* or *Mars*,
That at a place called, the *Oven's Arſe*,
oft times I have drunk good Ale.

And when you are dallying with a young Maid,
would you not her buttocks bethump?
And I have been often well apaid
with a Goo ſe both fat and plump:
The body being eaten, we ſtrive for the tail,
Each man with his Kan'kin of nappy brown Ale,
doth box it about for the *RUMP*.

The

The *RUMP* of a Coney I often have ſeen
moſt piteouſly claw'd by a Ferret,
And a Capons *Rump* is a bit for a Queen,
although ſhe's a perſon of merit.
In preaching & praying who ſpends the whole day
At night keeps a *Rump* wherewithall for to play,
be he never ſo full of the ſpirit.

I wonder who firſt call'd the Parliament *RUMP*,
ſome ſay, that it was *Jack Hobby*,
And ſome, fiery *Pryn*: good wits will jump;
now I write not this to bob ye,
But only to tell ye that good Mr. *Pryn*,
For all that he's cropt, yet he could not get in,
but was fain to remain in the *Lobby*.

The other day I was going in haſte,
(to think on't it grieves my heart)
I ſaw a poor fellow all nak'd to the waſte,
and whipt at the Arſe of a Cart:
His *Rump* (tis true) ſuffer'd the rout. But I would
Fain know who it was, that durſt be ſo bold,
as to call Mr. Speaker Sir F---

He might as well have ſtiled him *Anus*,
ſince he was the mouth of the *RUMP*.
As cunning a Fox as *Romes Sejanus*:
but I do not love for to frump;

Or elſe I could tell ye, my friends, to an Ace,
What good can accrew to the Land by a Mace,
as long as the Knave's the great'ſt Trump.

Our zealous ſticklers for Reformation
will edifie on the Rump of a Siſter,
And it will never grow out of faſhion
to Phyſick the tail with a Gliſter.
But beware that *Monk* doth not come with a (bitter
Purge to our Rump which will make her beſhit (her.
for ſhe hath already bepiſt her.

THE

THE RUMP

Roughly but Righteously handled,

In a new

BALLAD;

To the Tune of *Cook Lorrel.*

MOre sacks to the Mill, here comes a fresh wit,
That means without Mittens (as you shall (see)
To handle a *RUMP* that's all to be shit,
Or reverence of the company.
And let other sinners that love a whole Skin,
Keep out of my reach, for fear of a Stone;
For I'm like the Hang-man, who (when's hand was in)
Said he had as good truss up fourty as one.
First I'le tell you whence this *Rump*-regnant (came,
When *England* to Faction and Schism was bent,
By means of long peace to settle the same,

Our

Our noble King ſummon'd a Parliament.
4. A Parliament which may make old men grieve
And children that ne're ſhall be born complain
I mean ſuch as dy'd before they did live,
Like *Harringtons Rota* or th' Engin of *Vane*.
5. This Parliament, like a wild skittiſh Tit,
Unmand'd and unback't, and unapt to obey,
Would let neither Prince, Peer, nor Prelate ſit,
Yet ſtammell nos'd *OLIVER* ſmelt out a way
6. With Piſtol and Muſquet he brought the Beaſt under,
And aw'd it ſo much, and ſo far did prevail,
That tamely he dock't it, and (to all mens wonder)
He caſt off the Colt and ſadled the Tail:
7. Which ſhortly began to kick at's Command,
And reſtive it grew, and left its true pacing,
Which made him reſolve on his own Legs to ſtand
And turn the *RUMP* out of the ſtable a graſing.
8. The Red-coats, with breath like my Ladys Bumblaſt,
This Parliament-ſnuff blew twice out and in;
But North and Weſt-winds will ſo out it at laſt,
That nought but Hell fire ſhall light it agen (*amen*.
9. Though now they tempt *Monk* with a 1000 *per*
In hopes that to worſhip, his face hee'l fal flat on;
Yet he's wiſe enough to reſiſt and diſdain 'em,
And cry, *Get behind me, thou Bob-tail of Satan.*
10. Right pat with S. *George*'s this ſtory will jump,
Poor *England's* th' Damſel appointed for ſlaughter
And *Monk* the S. *George* to kill Dragon *RUMP*,

And

And safely restore to the King his fair Daughter.
The *Rump* thus in gross no more shall be plaid
ut now I will whet my Pen (if it please ye) (on
joynt it, and shew what foul parts it is made on
God grant that your stomachs prove not over-
(queasie.
Heres *Lenthal* once Mouth to the Parliaments
(mind,
Though he at length acted the Fundaments part
ose speech was not breaking of silence but wind
nd's giving the *Thanks* of the House, but a Fart.
But many I find this Opinion are firm in,
That he has no real distemper at all,
t feigns it; and like a prophetical Vermin,
Runs from an old House that is ready to fall.
If *Ludlow* the state of Grace he had been in,
And kept himself safe fro'th'Comittee of Safety,
or's Fathers sake, Deputy Fart he had been,
nstead of the *Frost*, they call *Sey the crafty*. (driver
Next comes the *Rump*'s Gad-flie, the *Jehu*-like
King-abjuring *ARTHUR*; Sir, you (if I ken you)
th'Bishop's *Uriah*-like fall were Contriver,
To get the fair *Bersheba* of their Revenue.
But 'twas a more carnal concupiscence
That at *Bristol*-Vicaridge set you a neighing,
hich you enjoyd and occupyed in the sence
Which puts pretty Maids to pishing and fying.
Nay you like the *Trojan*-Adulterer swore,
To those that once saved you from the Kings
(Fury,
That

That rather then *Helen* of *Dureſm* reſtore,
Their *Troynovant* in its own aſhes you'd bury.
18. But I dare no farther his paſſion provoke
For fear of a prejudice which it may do me
For with his own Choler ſhould he chance to
(choke
The Hang man in Action of Trespaſs might ſu
(me
19. Then have at Sir *Harry* the Int'reſt Refiner,
Who's not of the Church, but Society of JESUS,
And can make Divinity's ſelf-Diviner
And model new heavens and new Earths to
(pleaſe us
20. Twas he that injected the ſublimd matter
To late Lady *Lambert*, and ſhe to th'Squire,
Which made him protector and Parliament-
(hater,
And to be *Fift Monarch* devoutly aſpire.
21. Like Grub from Sheeps tails ſince the *Rump*
(doth him throw,
He'le creep to ſome placket of Sanctification,
And come forth a Fleſh-flye next Summer & blow
New Maggots in's Church, of more whimſical
(faſhion.
22. Methinks in his eyes the Waters do gather.
As if the Lord *Straffords* Death troubled his ſight;
Perhaps he repents and means (like his Father)
Ev'n in his own Garter to do his Ghoſt right.
23. There goes the twice treacherous Banque-
(rout *Sallaway*
From

From *Westminster* Wolves, to *Tow'r* Lions bound
Cause he from one Treason to another did fall
away,
And wil fall again but not quite to the ground.
4. the next is a politick penman that got-land
By Knavery more then his birth, and, tis his-
(hope
That *Lambeth* shall ever and ever be Scot-land
And seat of an Arch-one, but not of a Bishop
5. Her's *Nevil*, (who to be made in *Scot's* stead,
A State-Secretary) did practice a New art,
(oth'Office, by Letters unto the House read)
He courted himself in the name of *Charls Stuart*.
6. Now see with a *P O X*, where *Martin* comes on
The Seed of corrupt and sinful Loyns,
Who a worthy had been, if as neer *Solomon*.
In Wisdom, as number of Concubines.
7. If in utter darkness there should be a failing
of Horror, the *RUMP* may furnish it with
quire *Fleetwood* to help out the weeping and
(wailing,
And Sir *William Brereton* for gnashing of teeth.
8. Now *Mildmay*, and *Whitlock*, and *Lisle* I might
(call in,
And Master Lord *Salisbury* (from noble house,
Who seems not descended, so much as down faln)
And others, which well may serve a fresh Muse.
9. And now the *Rump*'s set in the Salt, and *Monk*
Hath offer'd full fairly his own for to make it,
But finding himself by the Devil out-drunk,

H-

He honeſtly cryes, *Nay then let him take it.*
30. But for 'em when hence they go, (ſuch we
(their follie
Above nor beneath, there no quiet place is,
King Charls in heaven, in hel tyrant *NOL* is,
Who (as God us'd *Fleetwood*) wil ſpit in the
(face
31. Now mark what ſweet Morſels Hel ſwallowe
(of late
Theres *Cromwell*, and *Prideaux*, and *Bradſhaw*
(and there
He that made Old Nick (when he enterd his Gate)
Cry, *Oh my Son Pride, are you there with your Bear*
32. And now I no longer will rake in this ſink,
But ſhortly the *RUMP* is for *Tiburn*, and the
Ile tell you more of it; but you (as I think)
Do now ſtop your Noſes, and Ile ſtop my pen.

THE

THE SHE-CITIZENS DELIGHT.

To the Tune of *Cuckolds all a Row.*

YOu Coward-hearted Citizens
What is your damn'd pretence,
To keep your ſelves within your beds
And not fight for your Prince;
Whoſe Majeſty ſhould you behold,
Your ſhame will breed your woe,
And then like fools you will cry out
Cuckolds all a Row.

There's ſome of you whoſe Biſhops Lands
Do ſo much clog their heels,
That now they cannot ſtir, whereas
Elſe would they run on wheels:
But yet I hope a time will come
When you ſhall be made know,
And told unto their faces that
Your Cuckolds all a Row.

But yet for one moſt reverent Act
You are to be commended,
That through your Rams-Head zeal you ha
Your Brother Rump Befriended,
To ſeat them in the Parliament Houſe,
Their wiſdomes forth to ſhow,
But they and you are all a like
Cuckolds all a Row.

But I adviſe you ſet this RUMP
In ſalt for fear of ſtinking,
'Twill fall unto the Divells ſhare,
Becauſe tis his by drinking;
In ſpight of all their Acts and Lawes
hee'l car them down below,
Then Hell and City all alike
Cuckolds all a Row.

ALas poor *Lambert* is undone,
And now he may goe Preach,
Since 'tis the *Engliſh Al-a-mode*
For every Rogue to Teach;
He'le Noſe it bravely in a Tub,
And let his brethren know
That they are Dam'd unleſſe they dip
Cuckolds all a Row

But where's your mighty *Fleetwood* now?
His honor's worn to th' ſtump,
He'le ſerve Ambaſſador to hell

To make roome for the Rump,
And thus King-killers one by one
Shall to the Devill goe
Upon the City Asses pack
Like Cuckolds all a Row.

And now Cow-hearts look to your Shops,
The Red-coats will you fright
And plunder you becauſe they know
Your hornes hang in your light;
Not matter, for you have been the cauſe
Of all the Kingdomes woe
And do deſerve ſtill to be call'd
Cuckolds all a Row.

But if that you would honeſt grow
And doe a glorious thing,
Which is to rouſe and take your Armes
And fight for *Charles* our King;
Which Act your Credits will regaine,
And all the World ſhall know
That you ſhall then no more be call'd
Cuckolds all a Row.

THE

RUMP

CARBONADO'D.

Or a New BALLAD,

To the Tune of the *Black-smith.*

LEnd me your ears, not cropt, and I'le sing
Of an hideous Monster, or Parliament thing,
That City and Country doth wofully wring,
Which no body can deny.

Take care that no Sectary be in this place,
For if you offend the least Babe of Grace,
The Rump will be ready to flie in your face
Which no body can deny.

They fram'd a *Remonstrance*, to set all on fire,
Which took with the People, as they, did desire,
And forc'd them to Covenant that they would conspire,
Which no body can deny.

No sooner exalted was *Essex* his horn
But Gods law, & mans too the Cuckold did scorn,
To ruine our Country this Rebell was born,
Which no body can deny.

Take

ke Warwick along, if company you lack,
o Admiral like an old Puritan Jack,
rerier knave you can't finde in the Pack,
Which no body can deny.

hese arm'd with Commissions by Sea & by Land,
d send forth their Forces the King to withstand
ll of all that was good they had soon made an (nand,
Which no body can deny.

glory and Wealth, We once so abounded,
Were in Religion so throughly grounded,
ut none could have shatter'd us thus but the (*Round-head*,
Which no body can deny.

hich pluck'd down the King, the Church & the (Laws,
o set up an Idol, then Nick-nam'd *the Cause*,
e Bell and *Dragon*, to gorge their own Mawes
Which no body can deny.

ey banisht all Royallists out of the Line,
scarce could endure to hear any Divine,
e would not for company cogge lye & whine,
Which no body can deny.

frantickly zealous they were at that season,
t the five rotten Members impeacht of high Treason,
ey guarded against all Right Law and Reason,
Which no body can deny.

Which no bod can deny

Will fool was counted the worst of the twain
Till *Tom* fool Lord *Fairfax* the *Cause* to maintain
His Honour and Conscience did fearefully stain
Which no body can deny

Sir *William* at *Run-away-downs* had a bout,
Which him and his Lobsters did totally rout,
And his Lady the Conquerrour could not he(him ou
Which no body can de
though General *Brown* doe now fawn & beseec
The Cavaleeres found him a blood-sucking Lee
He would seem a Convert, but he stinck's of(breec
Which no body can den
All will confesse that Saint *Oliver Cromwell* (we
Had learn'd in his raign the three Nations to cur
Although it be true that he did love a *Bum-we*
Which no body will den
But young *Dick* and *Harry*, not his Heirs but hi(brat
As if they had less wit and grace then Gib-Cats
Slunk from their Commands, like a pair of(drown'd Rats
Which no body can deny
The sound of a Rump nere heard of before,
In their addle pates, did so whistle and roar,
That straight they betook themselves to the back(door
Which no body can deny
When

hen *Haſelrige* of the *Rump* brought up the rear,
e Army was in ſuch a bodily fear,
at no one commander durſt ever appear,
VVhich no body can deny.

own goes the Publick, when Knaves uſurp (Power,
e *Rump* by one Ordinance can more men de- (voure,
en all the great Guns ſhot from the Tower.
VVhich no body can deny.

ington long ſince was broken to fitters,
t fits with the *Rump* of Sects to Pig-litters,
d ſuch as come near him, he all to beſquitters,
VVhich no body can deny.

lderman *Atkins* you keep not in minde,
eele take it ſo ill, that heele flie out behinde,
d make you remember with every winde,
VVhich no body can deny.

born could preach, pray and rrate by the ſpirit
d *Ireton* little better, who rang'd like a Ferret,
d Tyburn thinks long to give them their merit
VVhich no body can deny.

d *Gourney* was right, whom the City betraides
w the City would be right, were the Mayor (not a Jade:
l ſuch as he be made examples, nere look for (better Trade,
VVhich no body can deny.

Ne're did any Nation so court their own go
As we have all offer's of mercy withstood,
God's judgement on our rapine, & meddling
(bloo
Which no body can
All wise men & good, say it is a mischeivous
A Kingdome to turn into a popular State;
Yet weele take no warning, untill it be too l
Which no body can
A desperate crew of self-seeking elves,
Doe wilfully force us on quicksands and shelv
This we see, yet we seek not to safeguard
(elv
Which no body can
For when the poore Cits are plunder'd by fort
Their grievances find as little remorse
I'th man-beast, the Mayor as in his great hon
Which no body can

The *Rump* yet sits brooding upon their close s
In labour to bring forth a Knave or a foole;
Begotten by a new Legislative Toole,
Which no body can

Sir *Henry Vane* Prince of the last modell'd r
Was known as a traytour, both cunning & stou
Yet for being too rampant the *Rump* shit him ou
Which no body can
James Harrington Knight or knave choose y
(wheth

For in the *Rump* still knigth & knave go together
The times cannot mend till hee's tyed to his (tether,
Which no body can deny.
Harry Martin and *Scot* withsome thirty eight more
Are resolved on the question to keep us all poor,
Whilest they have the power to Plunder & Whore
Which no body can deny.
Who can gain-say that it was a strong fart,
Which blew the Lord *Disborough* back to his (Cart:
And taught silly *Fleetwood* of crying the Art;
Which no body can deny.
'Tis pity that *Huson* the Lord should have dyed,
For peireing his brother, the Coblers Hide;
Since the word of command came from his blind (side,
Which no body can deny.
Luke Robinson wants both his Bristles and Aule
To stitch up his lame leg, and help him to craule
Who down-right hath halted betwixt God and (Baal,
Which no body can deny.
The Prentices once put the troupers to flight,
And the Red-coats for fear then were ready to (shite,
When *Lambert* the Atheist march't Northward to (fight,
Which no body can deny.
The *Greeks* that sack *Troy* from the belly did come

Of *Epriis* his horſe; but with Muſket and drum
The war among us is carried on by the Bum,
Which no body can deny.

Jack Presbyter ſtruts up and down in a jump,
Curtail'd on purpoſe for fear leaſt the *Rump*
Should ſit on his skirts and give him a thump,
Which no body can deny.

In ſtead of an Uſe of divine Conſolation,
The Hypocrite publiſh't a late Exhortation,
To *Trepan* this poore Citie, & beggar the Nation,
Which no body can deny.

For what is call'd Chriſtian, it is no great matter,
So they may but gather, they care not who ſcatter;
They cannot be gifted unleſſe they doe flatter
Which no body can deny.

Since *Charls* was beheaded we have backward gone
And now are brought ev'n to the bare Rump-bone
Which ſpeak's in no other but *Atkinſes* tone:
Which no body can deny.

'Tis hard to ſay, how much theſe Arſe-wormes doe (urge us,
We now need no Quack but theſe Jacks for to purg (us:
For reſifting our Head the tayle now doth ſcourge
Which no body can deny.

Lenthal

enthal now Lords it though the Rabble him mock
calling him Speaker, and Speaker to the Dock
(Nock
or an hunddred pound more he'ele kiſs their very
Which no body can deny,

nd now if we crave but a Parliament Free
e are ſure to feele Plunder, or Priſon to ſee;
hey'le gore us, & bore us, and ſlaves we muſt be,
Which no body can deny.

e are ſenſible now, that there is no one thing,
n full ſatisfaction to all Intereſt bring,
ll in ſpite of all Traytors, we fetch in the King,
Which nobody can deny.

Monk, like the Oracle, play's faſt and looſe;
We know not yet, whether hee's a fox or a Gooſe
e had need look about him, for his neck's in a
(nooſe,
Which no body can deny.

hen to conclude this innocent Song
leaſt the *Rump* ſhould infect you, which ſmelleth
(ſo ſtrong:
Old *Nick* bleſs them all, and take them e're long,
Which no body can deny

A

A LETANY

For the NEW-YEAR.

FRom all and more then I have written here
I wish you well protected this *New-year*;
From *Civill* war, and such *uncivil* things
As ruine *Law* and *Gospel*, *Priests* and *Kings*;
From those who for *self-ends* would all betray,
From such new *Saints* that *Pistol* when they *pray*,
From flattering *Faces* with infernal *Souls*,
From new *Reformers*, such as pull down *Pauls*,
From *Linsy woolsy Lords* from *Town* betrayers,
From *Apron Preachers*, and *extempere* Prayers,
From *Pulpit*-blasphemy & bold *Rebellion*, (ye on
From *Blood* &---somthings else that I could tell
From new false *Teachers* which destroy the *old*,
From those that turn the *Gospel* into *Gold*, (*Trump*,
From that black *Pack* where *Clubs* are alwaies
From *Bodies Politiqne* and from the *Rump*,
From those that *ruine* when they should *repair*,
From such as cut off *Heads* instead of *Hair*,
From twelve Months *Taxes* and abortive *Votes*,
From chargeable *Nurse*. *Ghildren in* red *Coats*,
From such as sell their *Souls* to save their *Sums*,
From City *Charters* that make Heads for *Drums*,
From *Magistrates* wch have no truth or knowledge
From the *red Students* novv in *Gresham* Colledge,

From

From Governments erected by the *Rabble*,
From ſvveet Sir *Arthurs* Knights of the round Ta-
From City-Saints whoſe *Anagram* is *Stains* (ble,
From *Plots* & being choak'd with our own *Chains*,
From theſe, & ten times more which may enſue
The *Poet* prays, *Good Lord deliver you.*

The New State deſcribed.

Lo here a Glorious *Realm* ſubverted ſtands,
Juſt *Tumbler*-like upon the *Feet* and *Hands*:
Once *Europes Pride* and *Envy* now their *ſcoff*.
Since the baſe *Entrayles* cut the *Head* on't off,
The *Body* loſt its form, and's turn'd a *Lump*;
Now all the *Limbs* are *Vaſſals* to the *Rump*,
VVhich all the *Nutriture* devour'd and ſpent,
Yields nothing back but *ſtink* and *excrement*,
And all *returns* that ever this doth ſend us,
Serves only to *defile* us and *offend* us;
'Tis by much *pamparing* grown a ſtrange *Diſeaſe*,
VVhich all *receives* and *gives* nor food, nor eaſe
To th' pining *Body*, but is *craving* ſtill;
And we by *feeding* it our ſelves do *kill*;
VVhich nothing lives by that has any worth,
But thoſe baſe *vermin* which its *ſtink* brought forth
If every *Member* in this *Body* would
withdraw its *ſtrength*, & influence, as they ſhould
This naſty *Highneſs* quickly muſt abate,
And yield to th' *Head* which only ſaves the *State*.

THE

THE DEVILS ARSE A PEAKE.

Or *SATANS* beastly part,

Or in plain Terms of the *Posteriors* and Fag-*end* of a long PARLIAMENT.

To be said or Sung very comfortably

To the Tune of Cook Lorrel.

O Fooliſh Brittanicks, where are your hearts
What fiend doth the Nation bewitch; (ſled?
That ſince you like Rogues Cut off your own
Your Noſes Cloſe in with the Britch? (Head,
The Brich! ſuch a bit, *Nolls* paunch could never brook,
For it put him ſtill to his dumps; (brook,
And though full meals of Hell-broth he oft took,
Yet always he ſpew'd out the Rumps.

Till

Till *Lambert* the Knave and *Fleetwood* the fool
(Though *Dick* perſwaded them from it)
Did overturn the Devils Cloſe ſtool,
And like Dogs return to their Vomit.

No ſooner the Council Table was ſpread,
With many a Vomited gull (Head,
But the Army grew ſqueezie and turned their
For thay ſoon had their belly full.

The Red-coats could never this Rumpling digeſt,
Till adviſ'd by *Old nick* and his train,
(Who good unwittingly oft may ſuggeſt)
They ſpew'd up their Vomit again.

Their Surreverence was for a while out of ſight
Till *Whettam* began to deplore 'um,
And *Arthur* the Knight of the Spur a bold wight,
The Rump of a Rump did reſtore 'um.

Then a pox light on the pitiful Rump
That a third time above board vapers
Which Old Nick blew out; but now turns up
As *Jone* farted in and out tapers. (Trump

The *Houſe* by this Legion was long time poſſeſt,
But at laſt they were Caſt out of dore;
Yet finding it ſwept, returne'd a new gueſt
Seven-times more a fiend then before.

Away

Away then ye pitiful Citizen slaves
VVho let such enormities pass,
VVere you but true men or not errant knaves
Fools durst not you ride like an *Ass*.

Then dare to be Honest, and beat up your Drum,
For when the Rogues here of your power,
Youl'e smell what a sent proceeds from the Bum
From *VVhitehall*, at least to the *Tower*.

S'foot! what if these Arse-worms with gifts of our gold
Great *George* to defend them should move
Our goods and our Liberties, then would behold,
And the Devil a *Monk* would he prove.

Then pluck up your Spirits, & draw out your Swords
'Tis force that must onely prevail,
We have long enough stood out in bare VVords,
Let's now make a Rod for their Tail.

Then *Vive le Roy* let's merrily Sing
Can any Man well in his VVits,
Think worser of *Charles* our Noble good KING,
Then those who do Govern by Fits?

Search round the great City what ill you can see,
Which the Rascally *Rump* hath not done,
And then you will wish with the Nation and me,
That *CHARLES* had his Heritage won.

For

r Swearing, Sacrileдge, Murther, and Lies,
KING-Killing, Hypocriſy, Cheats,
ey make no more of theſe Sins, then of Flies,
HELL is almoſt out dam'd by their Feats.

en fight ye like men for the good of the Nation
As ye hope to be Civilly Drunk, (tion,
free coſt at bleſſed *CHARLES* Corona-
Pray hard for the trueneſs of *Monk*.

aven bleſs our good Soveraign, the beſt of all
Let the King of our Hearts be Trump, (Men,
ar Peace and Proſperity may come agen,
Squire *Dun* and Old Nick take the Rump.

en let the Knaves Shuffle three Kingdoms a
Till each Curr at his fellow ſnarls, (while
long they will Cut, and after the broyl
The dealing muſt fall to KING *Charles*.

is Flap with a Fox-tail ſhall have the ſame Lot,
That unhorſt his Tumble down Highneſs,
ſince the reſt of the Members are not,
The Rump muſt ſhortly have *FINIS*.

THE

THE GANG

Or the Nine VVORTHIES AND CHAMPIONS, LAMBERT, &c.

To the Tune of Robinhood.

IT was at the Birth of a VVinters morn,
VVith a Hey down down a down down
Before the Crow had pist,
That nine *Hero's* in scorn
Of a Parliament forlorn,
VValk'd out with Sword in fist.

Johnne Lambert was First, a dapper Squire,
VVith a Hey down, &c.
A mickler man of might
was nere in *York-shire*;
And he did conspire
VVith *Vane* Sir *Harry* a Knight.

n *Easter* Sun nere see;
He drove on a main
Without any brain,
ch a jolthead knave was he.

elsey was a brave button-maker,
With a Hey down, &c.
s ever set mould upon scewer;
And this wise-Aker
Was a great pains taker,
'make *Lamberts* Nose look blewer.

he devout and Holy Major *Creed*,
With a Hey down, &c.
known't of what Faith or Sect,
Had mounted a Steed,
And vow'd he would bleed
ore *Lambert* should be checkt.

uckenfield (Steel was nere so true,)
With a Hey down, &c.
nd as wise as ere was *Toby*.
Lay in the Purlew,
The Cock-pit Avenue,
o hinder the Speakers *Go-by*.

man of Stomack in the next Deal,
With a Hey down, &c.
Vas hungry Colonel *Cobbet*,
He would eat at a Meale,

A whole Commonweale,
And make a Joynt but a Gobbet.

The following Champion is *Barrow*,
With a Hey down, &c.
An Ominous name for a Swine-Herd,
He flew like an Arrow,
Thither whence Lord *Harry*
But durst not draw his Whinyard.

Room for *Packer* a toyling Ditcher,
With a Hey down, &c.
He had set his Spade on edge,
He hop't to be Richer
By being a Bricher
And *Lambert* his Stake in the hedge.

For Nobilities sake we may not forget,
With a Hey down, &c.
That Valiant *Mars* his true Son,
His Cobling Feat,
Lack't a Parliament Seat
That Marks-man one eyed *Hewson*.

These being aided with Red Coat and Creepers
With a Hey down, &c.
After a short Dispute
The Liberty *Keepers*,
Were made boo-peepers
And the Speaker struck en Mute.

But well said Sir *Arthur*, what time of the day?
VVith a Hey down, &c.
The Parliament's now in their Prime
They stand at a *Bay*,
And have mist their Prey
And Cowardly curse the time,

The second Part.

NOw *Johnne* is gone to the *North* Countrey,
VVith a Hey down, &c.
nd glad he is to Retire,
He cryes *Cramme* O *Cree*,
Have mercy on me
y tail is set a Fire,

nd *Desborough* gotten into his Farm.
VVith a Hey down, &c.
till they do him need
eant the house no harm,
But took it for a Barn
it *Lord* and he's not a greed.

lsey is praying for the Dole,
With a Hey down, &c.
f the Hospital that's *Suttons*
He is out of the Roll,
And hath ne're a Loap-Hole
d now his Arse makes Buttons.

And *Creed* will now believe Sir *Arthur*,
With a Hey down, &c.
His Steed is Chop't for a Jade
He will be a Carter,
Before a Martyr,
And is turned *Renegade*.

Duckenfield's in a pitifull Case,
With a Hey down, &c.
The Speakers *Horses* and Coach,
Were at ſtake with the Mace,
And he's thrown Aums Ace
Tyburn owes him a reproach.

By being too greedy Colonel *Cobbet*,
With a Hey down, &c.
H'as got a Bone in his throat
He hath ſighed and ſobbed
And grievouſly throbbed,
But at will not help the choak.

Pray take your turn too Mr. *Barrow*,
With a Hey down, &c.
What think you of your Plot?
Your Sow would not Farrow,
The Hang-mans Harrow
That Hurdle will be your Lot.

Tye him up D*UN*, 'tis Goodman *Packer*,
With a Hey down, &c.

That would ſet up another Noſe
Had he been a Backer
As Colonel *Hacker*,
H'ad liv'd in ſpight of his Foes.

Hewſon's Companions as ſcabby as Coots,
With a Hey down down a down down.
Have infected him with the mange,
They have piſt in his boots,
He muſt cry roots,
And *TURN OUT* to Turnup muſt change.

VANITY OF VANITIES

OR

Sir *HARRY VANE'S*

PICTURE.

To the Tune of the JEWS *Corant.*

HAve you not ſeen a *Barthol'mew* Baby
A Pageant of policy as fine as may be,
That's gone to be Shown at the Mannor of *Raby*,
Which no body can deny.

There was never such a prostitute Sight,
That e're profan'd this purer Light,
A *Hocus Pocus* jugling Knight,
Which no body can deny

He was taken for a Delphick *Tripus*,
Another doubt-solving *Oedipus*,
But the Parliament made him a very *Quibus*,
Which no body, &c.

His cunning State tricks and Oracles,
His lying wonders and Miracles,
Are turned into Parliament Shackles,
Which no body, &c.

Goodly great Sir *Onesimus VANE*,
The Annointed King of Saints not Reign?
I see all Godliness is not Gain,
Which no body, &c.

John a *Leyden* that *Munsters* Jing,
Was a Fool and an Asse to this pretty Thing,
But the Parliament hated the name of a King,
Which no body, &c.

This holy Saint hath pray'd till he wept,
Propheſied and Divin'd while he slept,
But fell in a *T*— when aside he stept,
Which no body, &c.

He ſate late in the Houſe ſo diſcontent,
With his Arms folded and his Brows bent,
Like *Achitophel* to the Parliament,
Which no body, &c.

He durſt not ſpeak of a Concubine,
Nor gave more Councel to any Deſign,
But was muſing on a Hempen Line,
Which no body, &c.

He ſee Mr. *Prin* take a great deal of Pain,
To get in with the reſt as Members Again,
But they were Voted as uſe-leſs as *VANE*,
Which no body, &c.

They gave him a *Conge* with ſuch a Vote;
'Twas thought they had learned it by Rote,
Ever ſince he went down to *Graves-end* by Bote,
Which no body, &c.

For all his Ceremonious Cringing,
He ſhall undergo a notable Swinging,
There is now no more need of his Engine,
Which no body, &c.

When firſt the Engliſh War began,
His Fathkr was a Court *Trepan*,
And 'roſe to be a Parliament Man,
Which no body, &c.

So from the Father came unto the Son
Whom Wo and Mis'ry now do wait upon,
For Counselling Protector *John*,
Which no body, &c.

A *Gemini* they were, *Pollux* and *Castor*,
One was a Teacher the other a Pastor,
And both like R---betrayed their Master,
Which no body, &c.

The Devil ne're see such two Sir *Harry's*
Such a pest'lent pair nor neer nor far is,
No not at the Jesuits *Sorbon* of *Paris*,
VVhich no body, &c.

They talk't of his having a Cardinals Hat,
They'd send him as soon an Old Nuns Twat,
For turning in pan there was nere such a Cat,
VVhich no body, &c.

His dainty project of a Select Senate,
Is Damned for a blasphemous Tenet, (*Bennet*,
T'was found in the budget ('tis said) of Monk
VVhich no body, &c.

Of this State and Kingdoms he is the Bane,
He shall have the reward of *Judas* and *Cain*,
And 'twas he that overthrew *Charls* his Wain,
VVhich no body, &c.

Should he sit where he did with his mischievous brain,
Or if any his Councels behind do remain,
The house may be called the *Labour in Vain*,
Which no body can deny.

THE GLORY OF THE WEST

OR,

The Tenth Renowned Worthy, and most Heroick CHAMPION of this *BRITTISH* ISLAND.

Being an unparallel'd Comemoration of

GENERAL MONCK'S

Coming to wards the City of *London.*

TO unperplex the Riddles of our State,
And to discover t'us our hidden part,
Welcome (we cry) Welcome to *George* the *Great*,
A joyful sight to see.

Not

Not like the *Macedons* impatient ſword,
That ſoly'd the doubt-tyed in the *Gordean* Cor
Great *George* doth time proprotion due affor
A joyfull, &

Wiſdomes great pattern bred at *Bellones* Bre
Prudence and Valour joyned in one Reſt,
No more St. *George* ſhall be but *George* the Bl
A joyfull &

As *Ceſar* did the affrighted Boat-men learn,
When he ſate trembling at the ſtinking ſtern,
My fates Embarqued that do's the world concer
A joyfull, &

So the wrack't Veſſel of the ſtate diſtreſt,
With Heav'ns angry blaſts, now ſeeks for re
From the *Favonian Gales* of *George* o'th *Weſt*,
A joyfull &

His great excelling merits in the Scale,
Of our rais'd hope, nor ſhall the angry *Taile*,
Of any *Comet* 'gainſt our peace prevail,
A joyfull &

Another *Fabius*, whoſe wiſe delays (rayes)
(Like a miſty morn, guilt with the Suns noon-
Have Crown'd him with the Glorious Bay
A joyfull &

He that has marched quite three Kingdoms o're,
Subdu'd his great mind for to make them four,
The signes to bring peace and plenty to our Door
A joyful &c.

Let all antient Glory then be a *Romance*,
Let old fame, and craz'd *Time*, lye in a *Trance*,
Nothing new but *Hony Soit qui maly pense*,
A joyful &c.

This is the Noble Champion of the *Garter*,
The great Defender of the *Magna Charter*,
The soveraign good come from the *Northern Quarter*.
A joyful, &c.

To settle a Nation without any Blowes
To break down the Bridge of another Nose,
To do what all wish, but no body Knowes.
A joyful, &c.

To compleat a Design without any Noyse
To amuse the Loud cry of *Vive le Roys*, toys,
And sport all a long with your Commonwealth
A joyful, &c.

But all the grand *Hero's* and wise ones together,
None had such advantage of Wine and Weather,
'Tis true he's sprung of a Princely Feather,
A joyful, &c.

VVhere shall we begin his *Trophies* to raise?
Or when shall we make an end of his praise?
The blessing and honour and joy of these days,
A joyful, &c.

The untam'd *Scot* (before his glorious time)
Has made t'expiate their treacherous crime,
They own him sole conquerour of their clime,
A joyful, &c.

His great and most powerful Influence,
Ha's restraind them in their obedience,
As if they own'd the *Vice-roy* of their Prince,
A joyful, &c.

The shifting *Irish* bey'd his great command,
The slaughtered *Dutch*, yet rowling on the sand,
Crave a reflux, to keep them from his hand,
A joyful, &c.

Thrice did he Victory over them repeat,
And the almost wearied State were forc'd to treat
To save them from a final last defeat,
A joyful, &c.

Whether we conquer'd are, or we must submit,
By his all-powerful hand to them that fit,
VVe are sure to be eas'd of our present fit,
A joyful, &c.

VVhat

What if great *George* should come to the City,
And in all your good humours should presently sit
I hope he will do; else more is the pity, (ye,
A joyful sight to see,

The City of LONDONS new

LETANY,

To the Tune of the *Black-Smith*.

From *Rumps* that do Rule against Customs and (Laws
From a fardle of fancies still'd a *Good Old Cause*
From VVives that have nails which are sharper, (then Claws.
Good Jove *deliver us all.*

From men who seek right where it's not to be had
From such who seek good where al things are bad
From wise men far worse then fools or men mad.
Good Jove, *&c.*

From Soldiers that wrack the poor out of dores,
From *Rumps* that stuff Coffers to pleasures their (Whores,
Which they secretly squeeze from Common- (wealth scores
Good Jove, &c.

From Ingrossers of wealth to lye by their walls,
Which they force from poor women for keeping
And choose for to rise by other mens fall. (of Stals

From

From Knaves that do pocket good Subject Estat
From such that give Plaisters when they've b
(ken our Pat
From *Rumps* that do Vote down our Posts, Chai
(and Gate
Good Jove, &
From States-men that Court the thing that the
From woful Repentance that com's too late, (ha
From those that delight in making of bate.
Good Jove, &
From Souldiers who mutiny for want of their pa
And at last go sneeking without it away,
Crying they hope for a far better day.
Good Jove, &

From one who brought forces to fill up the Town,
That when *Rumps* were at highest he might pull
(them down,
Because he himself doth aim at the Crown.
Good Jove *deliver us all.*

From Commanders who never drew swords but
(in Schools,
Which were button-pointed to favour such fools,
Who in vapouring words do threaten Joynt stools
Good Jove, &c.
Who to loose drop of bloud would faint at the
And in dread of a Gun are scar'd at a Fart, (heart,
If one blows but his Nose it makes them to start.
Good Jove, &c.

VVho

Who think every brush of wind an Alarm,
To which they make ready & cry out Arm, Arm,
& secretly pray that there may be no harm.
Good Jove *deliver us all.*

From a City that lies on its back to be Gelt,
From those that wont stir till famine be felt,
From the Pike, the Gun, the Sword and the Belt,
Good Jove, &c.

From a simple Mayor not fit to Rule Hoggs,
From such as obey him like Spannel Doggs,
From Summers heat and from winters Foggs.
Good Jove, &c.

From County Petions and Declarations,
That will not be drawn one Inch from their stati-
ons,
But triumph in words for old Reformations.
Good Jove, &c.

From Apprentices valour and threats from the
City,
Which would Act great wonders, yet forbear in
pitty,
From fools that conceit themselves very witty.
Good Jove, &c.

From Oaths and Engagements imposed by force,
And broken as fast without any remorse,
Alleadging them Ceremonies of course.
Good Jove, &c.

From those whose damn'd actions with Treas
(are crown
From such that would Law and Gospel confound
And vow that the City they'l burn to the groun
Good Jove, &c.
From people that murmur with Swords in their
(hand
And keep an entreating when they may comman
Yet had rather loose all then Knaves to withstand.
Good Jove, &c.
From *Rumps* that the Kingdoms Revenue have
From an everlasting Parliament, (spent,
And from an Army full of discontent.
Good Jove &c.
From such who do courtisies with a long pause,
From those who condemn before they hear the
(cause,
And from Trades that are worse then picking of
(strawes.
Good Jove, &c.
From a Foes mercy when one lies in his power,
From a friends anger in an ill hour,
And from a fool that's Lieutenant of the Tower.
Good Jove, &c.
From men who make use of their friends in the
(nick,
And when the brunt's over against them do kick,
The thoughts of such Varlets doth make my Muse
(sick.
Good night good people all.

THE

A Strange Sight to be Seen AT WESTMINSTER In the Year. 1647.

WIthin this houſe is to be ſeen,
Such a Monſter as hath not been.
At any time in *England*, nay
Not in *Europe*, *Africk*, or *Aſia*.
'Tis a round Body without a head,
Almoſt theſe three years, yet not dead.
Tis like that beaſt, you once might ſee,
Whoſe tail ſtood where the head ſhould be.
And which was never known before,
Though't want a head, 'thas horns good ſtore.
'Thas very little hair, and yet
You'l ſay 'thas farr more hair then wit.
T'has many eyes, and many eares,
Tis full of jealouſies and fears.
'Thas many mouths, and many hands,
Tis full of queſtions, and commands.
Tis armed with Muskets, Pikes, it fears
Nought in this World but Cavaliers.

I was born in *England*, but begot
Betwixt the English and the Scot.
Though some are of opinion rather,
That the Devil was its Father,
And this City which is worse,
Was its Mother, and its nurse.
Some say though perhaps in scorn,
That it was a *Grecian* born,
But not unlike for't has the fashion
Just as may be of that Nation.
For tis a liar none o'th least,
A slow belly, and an evill beast.
Of what Religion tis not known,
Some say of many, some of none,
Some think it is a Jew disguis'd
And why, because tis circumcis'd.
For tis most true, what you have heard,
The Members of it are compaird.
In some points tis a Jesuited Priest,
In some it is a Calvinist.
For tis not justified, it saith,
By good works but by publick faith.
Some call't an Anabaptist, Some
Think now that Antichrist is come.
Tis a Creature of an uncouth kind,
Both for its body, and its mind.
Make hast to see't or t'will be gone,
For now tis sick and drawing on.

THE

RUMP

Serv'd in with a

GRAND SALLET.

OR,

A NEW BLLLADE,

To the Tune of the Blacksmith.

POetical *Muses* have fallen heavy as a *Mallet*,
Upon the Poor *Rump* for disgusting their *Pal-* (let,
To cure the disrelliſh take now a *Grand* Sallet.
Which no body can deny.

2.

This *RUMP* is deri'ved by lineal descent,
As the undoubted Heir, and excrement,
Of the yet perpetual *Parliament.*
Which, &c.

3.

This was such an *Idol*, as the *Zelots* did strain
Their purses and consciences for to maintain,
Though it prov'd both of *Church* and *Kingdom* bane.
Which, &c.

4.

The tail of the *Dragons* not so bad as this *Rump*
Which hath three such Kingdomes worn to the very stump,
And must leave them for the time a confused Lump.
Which, &c.

5.

Our laws, lives, lands, liberties, were upon sale,
By this everlasting *Rump*, *Fag-end* or *tail*,
Yea to save our very souls they refus'd to take bail.

6. *Which, &c.*

A *Tail* wich was eaten up almost of the Pox,
That stunk more like *Carrion*, than ever did *Fox*
Or that which was roasted of late at the stocks.
Which, &c.

7.

A *Rump* that the people did hate, scorn and curse,
As a Devil incarnate, or of somewhat thats worse
Of *Schisme* & *Rebellion* both Mother & Nurse.

8. *Which, &c.*

The *Orthodox Clergy* was forc't for to fly,
They were plundred, and sequester'd without reason why,
But only because that they could not comply.
Which, &c.

9.

9.

Then as guilty of *Popery* the *Common-prayer* Book was dam'd
And with all kind of News-books the Chur- (ches were cram'd,
Venting lyes, non-sence blasphemy, and whats (not to be nam'd.
Which, &c.

10.

Then the antient order of Bishops went down Renown,
Which in the Church Christian was ever of
The Proverb proves true, *No Miter No Crown.*
Which, &c.

11.

In whose stead we planted *Elders* & *Presbyters,* (fitters
Which impowr'd, brake Princes and People in
And with their Classes and Asses them all to (besquitters.
Which, &c.

12

They call'd then a *Synod* which scarce could (agree
Th' space of three years whether there be a *TRINITY,*
From such pur-pure-blind *Levites* GOD bless (you and me.
Which, &c.

12

That Assembly was just like the Members that (chose it,
Without Learning and Honesty, all the World (knows it,
Fit Jakes-farmers for the *Rump,* they could (twang and nose it.
Which &c.

14. (*Directory*,
They combin'd with the *Scots* to bring in a
(*Glory*;
Tending neither to our *Good*, nor yet to *God's*
'Tis a ſhame that *Tom Fuller* ſhould name't in
Which, &c. (Churh-ſtory.

15. (to pray,
For whereas a Chriſtian ſhould be taught how
And both rightly to believe, & humbly to obey,
Nor *Lords prayer*, nor *Creed*, nor *Decalogue* have
16. *Which, &c.* (they,
Then *curſe ye Meroz*, in each *pulpit* did *thunder*,
(wonder,
To perplex the poor people and keep them in
Till all the Reins of Government were broke
Which, &c. quite aſunder.

17. (and Nation,
Then St. *Pauls* the Mother-church of this City
Was turn'd to a Stable, O ſtrange profanation!
Yet this was one of the beſt fruits of their Re-
Which, &c. formation.

18. (matter,
Of all that is *Chriſtian* they make no great
(ſcatter;
So they may but gather, they care not who
(bribe and flatter.
Their *Triers* would approve none but ſuch as
Which, &c.

19.

19.

In ſtead of a *Uſe* of *Divine Conſolation*,
Theſe *Hypocrites* publiſht a late *Exhortation*
To trepan and beggar this *City* and *Nation*.
VVhich, &c.

20.

If they be eſtabliſht bid *England* farwel,
And rather then live here i'th'Suburbs of *Hell*
Chooſe *Turkey*, or *Tartary*, or any where to dwell.
VVhich, &c.

21.

This form will ne're ſuit with the *Engliſh* Complection,
Which is free and too Heroick to yield baſe Subjection,
Or to take from a *Pope* in each Pariſh correction
Which, &c.

22.

Who ever did *Lord* it like theſe ſelf-ſeeking Elves,
Which have forc'd us on covenants, vows, oaths (and other ſhelves,
That ſhould warn us for the future to look to. (our ſelves
VVhich, &c.

23.

All ſober men know that tis a miſchievous fate,
A Kingdom to turn into a popular State,
And *Epiſcopacy* into a *Presbyterate*.
Which, &c

24.

Yet the *Parliament* ſet up the pure *members five* (contrive,
Both of *Church* and *Kingdom*, the Downfal to
That by the Ruins of our *Sion* this their *Ba-*
Which, &c. (*bel* might thrive,

25.

The *Presbyters* 3. years were long ſince expir'd, (tir'd,
And yet, as if they had not our patience quite
To ſpur-gal us ſtill they have afreſh conſpir'd.
VVhich, &c.

26.

Then why ſo many *bonfires* of late in the City? (pity
Why ſuch ringing of Bells, and rejoycing? Tis
That ye ſhould be ſo gull'd by the *Rump*, that
VVhich, &c. (does out-wit ye.

27.

For the *houſe* is like *Hydra*, if one head ye kill,
Another ſtarts up, and another full as ill;
So, though one *Rump* is gone; yet another ſits
Which, &c. ſtill.

28. (pleaſe

They have altered the ſcean, the people to
Becauſe in *commotions* they muſt them appeaſe
We have thus chang'd our bed, but not our
Which, &c. (Diſeaſe.

29.

Their shifting and shuffling is but to decoy us,
While Spiders do spin, their cobwebs annoy us,
If the *House* ben't swept clean, ere long they'l
Which, &c. (destroy us.

30.

If they mean as they talk of a *Parliament free*,
How comes it that such *Qualifications* we see,
That no one known *Royalist* can chosen be?
Which, &c.

31.

The best things corrupted do ever prove worst,
(for the first,
Then that the next *Parliament* make amends
Lets choose no more *Zelots*, lest in peices we
Which, &c. (burst,

32.

For when as the *Schismaticks*'th'*house* do *prevail*
(the *tail*,
Then the head and all the Members are led by
So that all parts in doing their duty needs
Which, &c. (must fail.

33. (your Money,

Let the *Militia* be setled ere you part with
(you take for honey,
Else youl find them *gall* and *wormwood* whom
(they've undone ye
And the *Souldiers* will insult ore as soon as
Which, &c.

34.

'Tis believed the 3. Generals, *Fairfax*, *Waller*, (and *Brown*,
Are sorry now for what they once helpt to (pull down;
And tis hop't they'l redeem it by deeds of re- (nown.
Which, &c.

35.

We are sensible now that there is no one thing
Can full satisfaction to all Interests bring
But only *Charles* the second, our known lawful *King*.
Which, &c.

36.

Let's dally no longer, but like *Brittains* let's (stand
For GOD and KING *CHARLES*, and the (*Laws* of the Land;
Lets up and be doing, lets do't out of hand.
Which no body can deny.

St. GEORGE

St. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND.

To the Tune of *Cook Laurell.*

THe *Weſtminſter* Rump hath been *little* at (eaſe,
Of which you have heard enough one would (think,
And therefore wee'l lay it aſide if you pleaſe,
For the more we do ſtir in't the more it will ſtink.

Theſe County reſolves for a P*arliament free,*
Makes the *Rump* ſmel worſe than it did of late,
For now it *runs down their heels* you may ſee,
You may cal them our P*rivy-Members* of State.

But why ſhould this *Rump* deal ſo roughly (with *Kent?*
When *England* was conquer'd they were *ſcot-free,*
Muſt they for declaring of all men be ſhent?
But *long-tail and bob-tail can never agree.*

Tis

Tis much diſputed who *Antichriſt* is,
I think tis the *Rump*, nor am I in jeſt,
For indeed, although of the number it miſs,
Of this I am ſure *t'has the mark of the Beaſt.*
I cannot believe that our General *Monk*
Intends to protect it hee's not ſuch a Fool;
For if he were rightly informed how it ſtunk,
(*Stool.*
He never would joyn with ſuch *Grooms of the*
(part,
Though't be not whole *Antichriſt*, tis the worſt
By it both the *Pope* and the *Turk* are out done,
If it be not the head, nor the feet, nor the heart,
Tis the *Rump* of the *Whore of Babylon.*
So pocky, ſo ſtinking, ſo cheating to boot,
That he that has got but an eye or a noſe,
(do't?
Would never beſtride it; Then why ſhould he
And make the poor *Devill* his ſtalionſhip loſe?
(it,
If I might adviſe him, he ſhould not come near
The ſcent of that houſe is naught for his *Gout*,
And for his *Army* too; he may well fear it,
Tis enough to infect both his *horſe and his foot.*

Nor would I wiſh him to come to *Whitehall*,
For that hath been an unfortunate place (fall:
From thence *Noll* was fetch'd, and *Dick* had his
(Caſe.
And *George* may take heed that it be not his

I remember the time when he fought for the (King,
And the *Cauſe* was good, though he did not (prevail.
O let not the boyes in the *Streets* now ſing,
He was once for the *Head*, but now for the *tail.*

Then *George for England* ſtrike up thy Drum,
And do they devoir this Rump to deſtroy, (come,
That Noble King *Charles* the ſecond may
And our Streets may eccho with *Vive le Roy.*

And if *He* ſhall come by thy Valour & Might, (brag on,
In that brave exploit thou'lt have more to
Than ere had St. *George* that valiant Knight,
Who reſcued the Maid by killing the *Dragon.*

Then lay by the thought of a *Parliament free,*
But firſt bring the *King* in if you be wiſe, (be;
For without Kings and Lords there none can
Twill be but a *Rump of a bigger ſize.*
You know how to do it, and needs not much (ſcholing,
All that you need to ſay, is let it be don, (ing,
Then why ſhould you ſtand delaying and fool-
You fought for the *Father*, why not for the (*Son*?

If you do not do't much honour you'l loſe
(know.
Which he and we mean you, for this we do
(foes,
That in ſpight of the *Rump* and all other his
He will be brought in whether you will or no.

THE HISTORY OF THE SECOND DEATH OF THE RUMP.

To the Tune of,
The Parliament ſat as ſnugg as a Cat.

1

COme buy my fine Dity
Of News from the City,
As it was told in *Devonſhire*;
The Pimp that whips weekly
Your Breech Politickly
Sels not ſo much truth in a quire.

2.

Tom Kings-man; near undone
With long ſtay in *London*,
Laſt week to the Country did gallop.
Where he took Caviliers
With his News by the ears,
As they did the Pot to drink all--up.

3.

Quoth he, I once went
To th' late Parliament,
Whoſe members (when I had ſeen 'em)
Made me think of a Rat,
That was caught by a Cat,
And eat up the tail, that is venom.

4.

But yet to the ſtump
Of that Poyſonous Rump,
Th' *Old Mouth* did ſoder in ſeaſon;
And when that was done,
Like a *Lay-Elder* Gun,
It ſtunk at both ends of High Treaſon

5.

The monſter did come
Of mere *Mouth* and *Bum*,
Moſt cunningly thus compacted,
That if queſtion'd it were,
For miſchief done there,
It might ſwear, 'twas by no *body* acted.

6.

O' the Nature and name
Of each member that came,
Should I give a full relation,
Youl'd gueſſe by the ſtink,
That I rak't in the ſink,
And common-ſhore of the whole Nation.

7.

Religions you might
Find all there, but the right;
For through the ſame Sieve they ran,
Which *Noll* us'd before
To ſift the houſe ore.
Till nothing was left but the bran.

8.

But of thoſe they had,
Diviſion being made
By fortunes hand(which is uncertain)
Some Members got many,
Some few, ſome not any,
As *Nevill* complained, and *Martin*.

9.

Indeed from Uſurpers
They freed us and our--Purſe,
And praiſe of thanks had been their hire,
For taking us than
Out o'th' Frying pan,
Had they not caſt us into the fire.

10.

10.

For *Cromwel* they voted
A Tyrant, though rotted,
Cauſe when they firſt footed their Game,
Hee'd not let 'em tarry
To prey on the Quarry,
But gorg'd himſelf on the ſame.

11.

And King *Olivers* Sons,
(Like Prince-playing Whore-Sons,
That on too high parts had ventur'd)
They ſtrip't with a hiſs
Of their *State*-properties,
And *exeunt two Fools as they enter'd.*

12.

What elſe they do,
By our purſes we knew,
As well as that ſcribling Knave *Nedham.*
Some good laws they un-did,
And ſome bad they founded,
And ſhortned our Chain for our Freedom.

13.

To quell this fierce Monſter,
A Knight did anon-ſtir,
Who wanted Arms; yet from a Waggon
O' th' Popes hee'd take none,
But from *Preſter-John*,
And ſo St. *George* fell by the Dragon.

14.

Then *Lamberts* Wife chid him,
And (like *Cromwell*) bid him
Confound it, and mount the Throne royal,
Your weapons as long
Quoth she, and as strong,
My self of 'em both have made tryal.

15.

He finds the *Anabaptist*,
For his purpose aptist,
And treads the steps of *Knipper Dolin*,
He fasts, and he prays,
I'th' new canting phrase,
As if heaven were taken with drolling

16.

Some packs he inveagles,
O' th' blood-coated-Beagles,
To's party, the Rump-men did so to,
And victualled so well,
The adjacent fort Hell,
As if they no other would go to.

17.

Little *John* thus did draw,
Gainst *Robin* th'Out-law,
(Good King) to try who should have thy Deer,
And thus for both poysons,
A quarrel did rise once
Betwixt the foul Toad and the Spider.

18.

18.

Bold *Lambert* advanced,
He picquierd, and pranced,
And's party with ſpeeches did urge on.
But though he and *Morley*
Did ſnarl and look ſurly,
They cheated the Devil, and the Chirurgion.

19.

For ſoon the Red-coat,
(Who'l not fight, but vote)
When *Lamberts* ſide ſtronger was found,
By (at leaſt) two foot,
And a Trooper to boot,
Did let the Rump fall to the ground.

20.

And with General *Lenthall*,
The Houſe they ore went all,
Religion and laws they nere ſtood on,
But ſought ſtill to hold,
Ill got Land and Gold,
Which firſt made the *the Old Cauſe* a *Good on*.

21.

So fell the aged ſway,
Of five Months and a day,
We yet ſee no heir apparent,
But from ſcabberd pregnant,
Expect *Poſthume regnant*,
If Midwife *Monck* kindly take care on't.

22.

The Sword-men addreſſe to's,
Pleas, and Manifeſtos,
Which ſhew 'em leſs honeſt then crafty,
Whilſt a Tyrannous crew,
Our dangers renew,
Thats called a *Committee of Safety.*

23.

But *Fleetwood* and *Whitlock*,
(The laws cunning picklock)
With *Salloway* and *Vane*, two prime praters,
Loved Treaſon ſo well,
That agen to't they fell,
And betraied ev'n their own fellow traytors.

24.

In's villany *Bradſhaw*,
Of conſtancy made ſhew,
For ſcorning Repentance as fickle,
His life he ſoon ended,
And to hell deſcended,
This of my faith is an article.

25.

Yet *Politicus*,
(The Deill's *Succubus*,
To teem for his commendation)
Advizes us all
To mourn, and we ſhall,
Whilſt that hell-hound yelps in our Nation.

26.

And now *Lamberts* Cohorts,
And *Monks* (which makes wo hearts)
Do ſeem to conteſt, but anon,
We ſhip-wrack't ſhall be,
When they can agree,
From what coaſt the ſtorm ſhall fall on.

27.

Whilſt Buff and Red-coats,
Are ſanctifi'd notes,
Of Chriſts and his Goſpels Protector's,
But 'mong themſelves ſolely,
Do they paſs for holy,
As *Beſſus* and's *Swordmen* for *Hectors*.

28.

They that heard this ſtory,
Firſt ſighed, and were ſorry,
To hear of poor *Englands* confuſion,
Then drank a full Bowl,
To that Royal ſoul,
That muſt ſettle all in concluſion.

Vivat.

THE ARRAIGNMENT Of the DIVEL, For Stealing away PRESIDENT *BRADSHAW*.

To the Tune of, *Well-a-day, well-a-day.*

I.

IF you'l hear news that's ill,
Gentlemen, Gentlemen,
Againſt the Divel: I will
be the Relator.
Arraigned he muſt be,
For that felloniouſly,
'thout due ſolemnity,
He took a Traytor,

2.

John Bradshaw was his name.
how it stinks, how it stinks,
Who'l make with blacker fame,
Pilate unknown.
This worse than worst of things
Condemn'd the best of Kings,
And what more guilt yet brings,
knwo 'twas his own.

3.

Vertue in *Charles* did seem,
eagerly, eagerly,
And villainy in him
to vye for glory;
Majesty so compleat,
And impudence so great
Till that time never met,
But to my story.

4.

Accusers there will be
bitter ones, bitter ones,
More than one, two, or three,
all full of spight.
Hang-man and Tree so tall,
Bridge, Tower, and City-wall,
Kite and Crow, which were all
robb'd of their right.

5.

But Judges none are fit,
shame it is, shame it is,
That twice seven years did sit
to give hemp-string dome;
The fiend they would befriend,
That he might in the end
To them like favour lend
In his own Kingdom.

6.

Sword-men it must be you,
boldly to't, boldly to't,
Must give the Divel his due,
do it not faintly;
But as you rais'd by spell
Last Parliament from hell,
omnipotently.

7.

The charge they wisely frame
(on with it, on with it)
In that yet unknown name
of supream power.
Which six weeks hence by Vote
Shall be or it shall not,
When *Monk* to *London* got
In a good hour.

8.

ut twelve good men and true,
Caveliers, Caveliers,
e excepts againſt you,
Juſtice he fears.
rom Bar and Pulpit he.
raves ſuch as do for fee
rve all tu[illegible]s: for he'l be
Tryed [illegible]ers.

[illegible]
atan[illegible]
by [illegible]eers.
nd ni[illegible],
Lo[illegible]k;
ome or[illegible]
hoſe Spi[illegible]irs comply,
s *Owen*, Ca[illegible]
For death ſhall fit 'ee

10.

read Judges; mine own limb
I but took, I but took.
was forced without him
to uſe a Crutch.
ome of the Robe can tell
ow to ſupply full well
is place here, but in hell.
I had none ſuch.

11.

Divel, you are an Asse,
Plain it is, plain it is,
And weakly plead the case;
Your wits are lost.
Some Lawyers will out-do't,
When shortly they come to't,
Your craft, our gold to boot
They have ingrosd.

12.

Should all men tak
Well-a-day, we
We were in a sad
O'th' *Holy Party.*
Such practise hath a se
Of Kingly government,
Against it we are bent,
Out of home-Char'ty.

13.

But if I dye, who am
King of Hell, King of *Hell*,
You will not quench its flame,
But finde it worse:
Confused Anarchy
Will a new torment be;
Neer did these Kingdoms three
Feel such a curse.

14

To our promotion Sir,
there are here, there are here,
Through ſome confuſed ſtir
doth the high road lie.
In hell we need not fear
Nor King, Nor Cavalier,
Who then ſhall dominere
But we the Godly?

15

Truth then, Sirs, which of old
Was my ſhame, was my ſhame,
Shall now to yours be told,
You cauſed his death.
The *Houſe* being broken by
Your ſelves (theres Burglary)
Wrath entered forcibly,
And ſtopt his breath

16.

Sir, as our Preſident
taught by you, taught by you,
Gainſt the King a way went
moſt ſtrange and new:
Charging him with the Guilt
Of all the blood we ſpilt,
With ſwords up to the hilt,
ſo weele ſerve you.

17.

For mercy then I call,
Good my Lords, good my Lords,
And Traytors I'l leave all
duly to end it.
Sir, Sir, tis frivolous,
As well for you as us,
To beg for mercy thus,
Our crimes tranſcend it.

18.

You muſt dye out of hand,
Satanas, *Satanas*,
This our decree ſhall ſtand,
without controll,
And we for you will pray,
Becauſe the Scriptures ſay,
When ſome men curſe you, they
curſe their own ſoul.

19.

The fiend to *Tiburns* gone,
There to dye, there to dye.
Black is the North anon,
great ſtorms will be:
Therefore together now
I leave him and th' Gallow:
So News-man take 'em thou,
Soon they'l take thee.

THE ROTA OR,

News from the Common-wealths-Mens-Club,
Writen by Mr. Henry Stub;
'Tis better then a Syllybub,

1.

AT *Weſtminſter* where we take boat,
There on the left hand you may note
The ſign of the *Turks Head* and *Throat.*

2.

What heads and throats therein there be,
If you'l have patience to ſee,
Theſe few lines here ſhall notifie.

3.

Here *Harrington* breeds up his youth
To the diſcovery of *no truth,*
All *Common-wealths-men* in good ſooth.

4.

A queſtion here, though nere ſo rude,
Is ſo belabour'd, and ſo rew'd,
And into ſundry pieces hew'd.

5.

5.

If unresolvd by *I*, or *Not*,
It must be put to the Ballot.
Tis Mr. *Harringtons* own plot.

6.

The finest thing that ere was seen,
The one side white, the other green,
And there you must put in a Bean.

7.

First *Harrington* doth hawk and hum,
And tells a story of old *Rome*,
Which from his own store never come.

8.

He cites *Sigonius* and *Lampridius*,
Authors which to the Club are hideous,
And he in quoting most perfidious.

9.

But there a sad mishap befell,
Which much doth grieve me for to tell,
But I am glad it was so well.

10.

The learned man stood up and spoke,
That by two Losses he was broke,
His Reputation and his Cloke.

11

Quoth he, My reputation
I hear is tumbled up and down
Much like a Foot ball through the town.

12.

12.

And for my Cloak, by this good light,
This Raſcall *Miles* but yeſter-night
With Coffe did it all bedite.

13.

Next *Polixſen*, that Politician,
Yet ſurely he is no *Hebrician*,
And (as I take it a worſe *Grecian*.

14.

Whom Αὐτοκράτωρ did ſo fright,
He was not himſelf again that night,
Twas thought he did his chair beſhite.

15.

There's *Poultney* too, that man of *Law*,
In Politicks he is but raw,
But prattles more then a Jack-daw.

16.

Who ſpeaking once of *Injuſtice*,
Made a diſtinction ſomewhat nice,
It was between a *ſin*, and *Vice*.

17.

Next comes in *Gold* that brazen-face,
If bluſhing be a ſign of grace,
The Youth is in a wofull caſe.

18.

Whilſt he ſhould give us *Sol*'s and Ob's,
He brings us in ſome ſimple bobs,
And fathers them on Mr. *Hobs*.

19.

Nay, he hath got the prettieſt feat,
Monarchs out of the world to beat,
Thus proves they're all a *tacite* Cheate.

20.

If man in ſtate of nature be,
And one imparts his right to me,
I cheat him of his property.

21.

The like, if many men poſſeſt,
To one give all their intereſt;
He muſt be deem'd a cheat at beſt.

22.

We want not an Attourney hight,
Lame Collins, (if I name him right)
Oh! 'tis a very learned Wight.

23.

The ſubtleſt man that ere *I* ſaw,
Did Arguments from Scripture draw;
Religion was before the Law.

24.

If ſo Sir *Harrington's* miſtane,
Religion doth the Law ſuſtain,
Law property, it is moſt plain.

35.

A *Parſon* too, of no ſmall note,
His ſenſe as thred-bare as his coat;
And neither of them worth a groat.

26.

The man doth hope in time to be,
Chaplain to the Academy;
Hee's fit, for he can ſcarce tell three.

27.

Morley, who thought to have been one
Of the Committee, but was none;
For had he, they'd been all undone.

28.

'Twas well foreſeen, for the wiſe *Knot*
Thought that the man might have a plot,
For to have dipped their *Ballot*.

29.

One in a ſpeech he did reherſe,
'Gainſt the Popes- land, he was ſo fierce,
He cut it off at leaſt a teirce.

30.

He ſaid hee'd quote Authority,
That the full length of *Italy*,
Contain'd but threeſcore miles and three.

31.

A Combrobritain here god-wot,
Muſt needs make one of this learned knot
But twere as good that he were not.

32.

Taff Morgan, God her Worſhip ſave,
Doth ſhit among them very grave,
Hee's no great States-man, but great.K---

33.

Laſt, *Skinner* of his chair grown proud,
Doth gravely weild the bulie croud,
And ſtill to Orders cries aloud.

34.

To tell you more of Mr. *Skinner*,
He'd rather talk, then eat his Dinner;
Tis that which makes him look the thinner.

35.

But whilſt the Man to *Strafford* cry'd,
Sir you to Orders muſt be ty'd,
Or elſe you muſt not here abide.

36

For our courſe here, is not to prate
Of things that do too near relate
To the Affairs of preſent ſtate.

37.

Speak to the queſtion, it is ſound,
In what of Government the Ground,
Or the foundation may be found.

38.

Strafford with that did lowly bow,
Good Mr. Speaker calm your brow,
And of my Argument allow.

39.

For had your queſtion any ſence,
I ſhould not take the confidence
To give your Worſhip ought offence.

40.

But ſince for non-ſenſe it may paſs,
To ſpeak to you in *Country-Phaſſe*,
Your Worſhip is a learned Aſſe.

41.

Which words he took in ſo much ſcorn,
That nothing elſe would ſerve his turn,
But preſently he muſt *Adjourn*.

42.

Adjourn, *quoth Strafford*, in a fright,
Are you a Burgeſs or a Knight?
Sure I ſhall to the Tower to night.

43.

But loe, the worſt of all diſaſters,
A *Youth* ſtood up, *My learned Maſters*,
All Governments are *much like plaſters*.

44.

Plaiſters, quoth *Strafford*, let me dye;
If not this poor Academy,
Have not ſome grand infirmity.

45.

And ſince it happens to be ſo
I may chance be infected too;
Therefore *my Maſters all*, adieu. *Exit*.

THE
Coblers last Will and Testament
OR,
The Lord *Hewsons* Translation.

1.

TO Christians all I greeting send
That they may learn their souls to amend
By viewing of my *Coblers end.*

2.

First, to the new Lords I would give *all*
But that (like me) they're like to fall,
Though heartless *Fleetwood* has no *gall*,

3.

Yet he deserves this *Legacy*,
ROPE take you all, well may I cry,
You're Murderers as well as I.

4.

And will thus (*wry-neck*) end your race,
Since wilfulful Murther hath no place
In the late *Parliaments* Act of Grace.

5

My *Paring-Knife* I'le *Lambert* give,
He may have use on't if he live,
For's *throat* as well as his *brow* I *believe*.

6.

But *Richard* and *Harry* I have forgot,
Shall I give them my *Hammers*? No, I will not,
For they did not strike while th' Iron was hot.

7.

7.

Vane take my *bends*, & *Wilks* my *clue*,
Atkins my Hoſe of Safforn Hue
But *Gregory* ſaith my *clothes* are his due.

8.

My *cuſhion* wil fit Q. *Dowager Cromwel* (wel,
Whilſt *Shipton* wifes prophecy ſhe doth thumb
In chair of ſtate 'twill eaſe her bum-wel

9.

For *Oliver* thou didſt ſet me on high,
I aim'd not at it, though I winkt of an eye,
Yet I wiſh not now to come theenigh.

10.

For ſure ere this thou'lt burne with thy noſe,
Which out of thy noſthrils brimſton throws
Would thou wert here to ſinge my foes.

11.

There is another *Lord* that's *Rich*,
To cure the *City* whoſe fingers did itch:
But only *I* went thorough *ſtitch*.

12.

And yet they ſay I was out of my *trade*
When as *Phlebotomy* I Made,
Some Chyrurgion to doe't I'de better have (paid

23.

Ill-looking death turne back thy ſhaft
If *Charon* me ore-Styx ſhould waft,
It would diſgrace our Gentle-craft.

24

I'th Good Old Cauſe I traded ſtill,
But in't my Lordſhip ſmelt ſome ill,
To mend it though, provd paſt my *skill*

25.

Therefore to *Tyburn I* muſt ride,
Although it cannot be deny'd,
But that *I* have lived ſingle ey'd.

16.

And if my foes will do me right,
They'l ſay, *I've ſet the crooked ſtreight*,
Why then *I* am a man upright.

17,

I wiſh the Jury finde it ſo,
John Lilburns Jury would ſay no,
Stich up the Lord, let the Cobler go,

18.

But tis no jeſting matter *I* trow?
For *I* cant laugh although you do;
Yet may make a wry-mouth, or ſo.

19.

Before, when we debaucht the Nation,
We could have vouch'd our Reformation,
By a day or two of Humiliation.

20.

Now tis not currant pay, for *I*
Have wail'd my ſins, and yet they cry,
Hang him, he weeps but with one eye.

THE HANGMANS LAST WILL And TESTAMENT. WITH

His Legacy to the Nine Worthies, *viz*, Col. *Lambert*, *Creed*, &c.

I Have lived to ſee ſuch wretchedneſs,
When none but honeſty are crimes,
That my ropes are turned into rimes.
I and my Gallows groan.
Things are ſo carried I can't tell how,
Ther's as many above ſtill as are below,
I have hang'd ſuch in ſhirts as white as ſnow.
I and my Gallows groan.
Oliver he lived by a plot,
The Parliament ſits ſtill, and why not?
And I fared well by a bow-knot.
I and my Gallows groan.
All my delight was in a Jail,
My eſtate was got at a Carts tail,
I know not what theſe people ayle.
I and my Gallows groan. *Oliver.*

Oliver he a Coach would drive,
And was hony in the Parliaments Bee-hive
Neither he nor I lov'd a reprive.
I and my Gallows groan.

I wiſh I had had his Protectors reſt,
I'de have laid it an earneſt for a jeſt,
But *Sir Harry Vane's* worth all the reſt.
I and my Gallows groan.

I have chopt off many a worthy head,
And thanks to the Shieriffs have been well fed.
But that I can dock muſt never be ſed.
I and my Gallows groan.

Lambert I knew was troubl'd with the yellows,
And more perplexed with his fellows.
Had I liv'd I'de cur'd him at the gallows.
I and my Gallows groan.

Never was any ſo bad as my trade,
The nine worthies would have made,
As a drudge before ſomething a Jade.
I and my Gallows groan.

But I had got nothing by the thing,
Ther's indempnity againſt the ſtring,
But my heir may get by a forward ſpring,
I and my Gallows groan.

I ſee *John Lillburn* at a barr,
And *Sir George Booth* that man of war,
But could get neither in my Car.
I and my Gallows groan.

I think the Ordinaries long prayer,
Hath ſpoyled frequenting of my fair.
Till all long-winded R----are there.
I and my Gallows groan.

For halfe thirteen pence half penny wages
I would have cleared all the Town cages,
And you ſhould have been rid of all the ſages.
I and my Gallows groan.

There was much climbing'mong the grandees,
Yet they all *I* ſee know the wood from the (trees,
And all to couſin me of my fees.
I and my Gallows groan.

The high Court of juſtice was out of uſe,
The thieves and the bench had made a truce,
For want of authority, a lean excuſe.
I and my Gallows groan.

Twould vex any body to keep an axe.
As long as there are any *Alderman Packs*,
Or *Desborough* eke with his wide ſacks.
I and my Gallows groan.

That

That *Duckenfield*, *Packer*, and Major *Creed*,
Of my helping hand ſhould have ſuch need,
When I am not able to do the deed,
I and my Gallows groan.

Lambert would alſo borrow the block,
As well as my Lady did *Olivers* cock,
But like him I muſt patiently bear this mock.
I and my Gallows groan

Fleetwood alſo lacks ſome of my skill,
And that I can't do't folkes take it ill,
I'd hang um all, if I could have my will.
I and my Gallows groan,

Tis vain to look for old mens ſhooes,
Elſe *I* had had *Hewſon* in a nooſe,
But my ſucceſſor wont him looſe.
I and my Gallows groan.

Tyburn was onee in mourning glad,
For a great Man, and *I* alſo very ſad,
A full bunch will make you all glad.
I and my Gallows groan.

THE

The *Rump* Ululant.

Or,

PENITENCE *per* FORCE

BEING

The Recantation of the old rusty-roguy-rebellious-rampant, and now ruinous rotten-rosted RUMP.

To the Tune of *Gerrads Mistrisse.*

FArewell
False Honours, and usurped power farewel
For the great Bell
Of Justice rings in our affrighted ears.
The Gripes,
Of wounded conscience far exceed all stripes,
Yet are small types,
Of those sharp pains Rebellion justly fears,
See how,
Th' unmasked people hiss us ont of doors,
And call us Knaves.
Because though We, their Servants be,
We made them but our *Slaves*
For since
We laid the Country wast like ravenous *Boors*
They seek our bloods,
Our Hands
Because we prize their Liberties,
But to devour their Goods.
We dip'd in Royal blood, to take his Lands
At our commands,
And made three Kingdomes headless at one blow

The

The Strife,
We caus'd was chiefly to cut of his Life,
With curſed Knife;
He that was Vertues Friend, muſt be our foe made
Religion do our Drudgery to baſe Ends.
But now we finde,
They that do ſow pretences, mow,
A Harveſt of the wind.
And now (mends
When clamorous vengeance calling for a-
Begins our grief,
Our Friend the Devil, with his Evill,
Can give us no relief.
Go ſearch (perch,
All Lands beneath the Suns Star-ſpangled
Youl finde no Church, (chair.
Like Ours, while reverend *Biſhops* held the
But thoſe
We know with our deſigns would never cloſe
And therefore choſe
In their ſteads to ſet up *Extempore* prayer.
Poached Eyes (rers Noſe.
And word twang'd through a whining lectu-
Did fill our Purſes,
That many have Rings and better things,
Which now give only curſes.
And thus (Gloze
Hell was our Text, though Heav'n were our
And will our reaſon,

Re-

Religion we mad free of *Hocus* trade,
And voted loyalty Treason,
Since we (flee,
With wicked Arms have made the Crosier
Errour is free,
To lay her nets, to make weak minds her
All Sects, (prize
Schisms curs'd Heresies with stubborn necks,
Corrupt our Texts, (lyes.
And crane up *Scripture* to maintain their
You see
The crop-ear'd Anabaptist sowing Tares
In every Ground, (are
Though the Plagues of warr, wherever they
The Church and *State* confound.
So do
The Roman Noses vend their Popish wares,
By twylight still; (so sad
And the Quaker half mad though he looks
Grinds in the Jesuites Mill.
Our Drums (Plums
Did drown our process, and your writs; our
Bid kiss our *Bums*,
We sent your laws and persons to the *Tower*
From whence
To be deliver'd, 'twas in vain to fence
By talking sence;
No habeas corpus in the court of power.

The Gown
Did ſtoop the Reverend Velvet to a crew
In ſhort Redcoats,
Who many a day, have made you pay,
For cutting your own throats.
VVe rob'd
The whole of food to pamper out the few,
Excis'd your wares,
And tax'd you round ſixpence the pound,
And maſſacred your bears.
But now (brow,
Diſpayrs black clowds do hang upon our
For all do bow,
Their hearts, to their true Sheapheard,
Charles their King.
And we,
Their VVolfiſh rulers now muſt Subjects be
To deſtiny,
And end our *Junctο* in a fatal ſtring.
Then learn
All future Traytors by our Tragick doom,
E're 'tis too late;
Leſt when you make Kingdomes to ſhake,
You copy out your fate,
VVe know (Room
Our high affronts to Church & State make
For us in hell;
But yet we'l hope, till the ſad rope
Sayes bid the VVorld F*arewell.*
Facit Indignatio Verſum

The

The Second Part of SAINT GEORGE FOR ENGLAND.

To the Tune of, *To drive the cold Winter away*

NOw the *Rump* is confounded,
Theres an end, of the *Roundhead*,
Who hath been ſuch a bane to our *Nation*,
He hath now plaid his part,
And's gone out, like a *fart*,
Together with his *reformation*,
For by his good favour,
He hath left a *bad ſavour*,
Buts no matter, wee'l truſt him no more;
Kings and *Queens* may appear
Once again in our *Sphere*,
Now the *Knaves* are turned out of door.
And drive the Cold Winter away.

Scot, *Nevil*, and *Vane*,
With the reſt of *that train*,
Are into *Oceana* fled,
Sir *Arthur*, the brave,
That's as *arrant a Knave*,
Has *Harringtons Rota* in's head,

But hee's now full of cares
For his Foals, and his Mares,
As when he was routed before:
But *I* think he deſpairs,
By his *Arms*, or his *Prayers*,
To ſet up the *Rump* any more.
And drive the cold Winter away.

I ſhould never have thought,
That a *Monk* could have wrought
Such a *reformation* ſo ſoon;
That Houſe, which of late
Was the *Jaques* of our *State*
Will ere long, be a *Houſe of renown*;
How *good* wits did jump,
In abuſing the *Rump*,
Whilſt the *houſe* was preſſ'd by the *Rabble*;
But our *Hercules Monk*,
Though it grievouſly ſtunk,
Now hath cleans'd that *Augæan-ſtable*.
And drive the cold Winter away.

And now Mr. *Prynne*,
With the reſt may come in,
And take their places again,
For the *Houſe* is made ſweet,
For thoſe *Members* to meet,
Though part of the *Rump* yet remain,

Nor

Nor need they to fear,
Though his Breeches be there,
Which were wrong'd both behind and before,
For he ſaith, 'twas a chance,
And forgive him this once,
And he ſwears, he will do ſo no more.

And drive the cold Winter away.

'Tis true there are ſome,
Who are ſtill for the *Bum*,
Such *Tares* will grow up with the *Wheat*,
And there they will be, till a *Parliament* come,
That can give them a *total defeat*:
But yet I am told,
That the *Rumpers* do hold,
That the *Saints* may ſwim with the tyde:
Nor can it be *Treaſon*,
But *Scripture* and *reaſon*,
Still to cloſe with the *ſtronger ſide*.

And drive the cold Winter away.

Thoſe *Lawyers* 'oth' *Houſe*,
As *Baron Wild-gooſe*
With treaſon, *Hill*, *Whitlock*, and *Say*,
Were the *bane* of *Laws*,
And our *Good Old Cauſe*,
And 'twere well if ſuch were away.

Some more there are to blame,
Whom I care not to name,
That are *Men* of the very *ſame ranks*,
'Mongſt whom there is one,
That to *Devil Barebone*,
For his ugly *Petition* gave *thanks*.
And drive the cold Winter away.

But I hope by this time,
Hee'l confeſs 'twas a *crime*,
To abet ſuch a *damnable crew*,
Whoſe Petition was drawn,
By Alcoran Vane,
Or elſe by *Corbet* the *Jew*:
By it you may know,
What the *Rump* meant to do,
And what Religion to frame;
So 'twas time for St. *George*,
That *Rump* to *diſgorge*,
And to ſend it from whence it firſt came, &c
And drive the cold Winter away

ENGLANDS TRIUMPH
Or the
RUMP ROUTED
By a true Aſſertor of *Englands* Intereſt
GENERAL GEORGE MONK.

A SONNET
To the Tune of, *Fill up the Parliament full.*

WHat make the Souldiers
To ſtand to their Arms?
'Tis for what they profeſt
To keep us from harmes,
The members ſecluded
Come in by ſwarmes
To fill up the Parliament full, full, full,
To fill up the Parliament full.

You know that the City Gates
Late were thrown down,
The Walls too were order'd
By Parliament frown:
But Generall Monck, has pleas'd
Souldier and Gown.
And fil'd up the Parliament full, full, full
And fil'd up the Parliament full.

A dispute there was had
By the Members secluded,
Brave *Monck* was the Umpire
And found them deluded,
But *Englands* great joy
Is now wholly concluded:
For he's fil'd up the Parl. full, full, full,
For he's fil'd up the Parl. full.

Sir *Arthur* the Valiant
Must make his speech large
Lest the Members Excluded
Lay treason to's charge,
Hee'd better have dealt
With his *New-Castle* Barge,
Than to see the old P. full, full, full,
Than to see the Old P. full.

The Aldermen Grave,
And the Commons o'th' City,
Imprisoned were
The more is the pitty,
But General *Monck* said,
That I will acqnit ye,
For the P. now shall be now full, full, full
For the P. now shall be full.

Have you not seen
Fresh flowers in the spring;

And

And have, you not heard
A cage-bird to ſing?
But if the Cage-Members
Would bring in the King.---
It would fill up the Parl. full, full, full,
It would fill up the Parl. full.

The Parliament now will
Come into their Geers,
For Secluded PRYN
(That once loſt his Ears)
Marcht in with his Rapier
For Commons and Peers,
To fill up the Parliament full, full, full,
To fill up the Parliament full,

Whoſe often Declaring
Has furniſht the Nation
With Parliament Arguments
Of the old Faſhion,
And would have both
King, Lords & Peers in this Nation
To fill up the Parliament full, full, full,
To fill up the Parliament full.

Our brave General *Monck*
We bound are to thank
The *Honeſt* Lord *Fairfaix*
Has plaid (too) his prank

No

No thanks to be given
To the Rump nor the Shank
To fill up the Parliament full, full, full,
To fill up the Parliament full.

Had the City ne'r mov'd,
Nor the Prentices ſtrove,
They'd loſt their Old Charter:
But MONCK had a love
To challenge the Grand Ones
Which Miſchiefs did move;
And ſo fill'd up the P. full, full, full,
And ſo fill'd up the Parliament full.

The Parliament-Complement
OR THE
RE-ADMISSION
OF THE
SECLUDED MEMBERS
To the Diſcharge of their long retarded *Truſt.*

SInce ſixteen hundred forty and odd,
We have ſoundly been laſht with our own rod,
And we have bowed our ſelves down at a Tyrants nod
Which no body can deny.

VVe have ſeen a new thing cal'd a Council of (State
Upheld by a power thats now out of date,
Put to th' queſtion, byth' members of forty
Which, &c. (eight;
(ſee agin,
VVe have ſeen what we hope, we ſhall neer
Now *Lambert* and *Desbrow* are ſnard in the gin
The tail cunningly pieced unto the skin.
Which, &c.

A ſword that has frighted our *Laws* out of *door*
A Back-ſword I wot, that muſt cut ſo no more,
By the honour of *Monck*, now quitting that
Which, &c. (ſcore,

A Vote lately called the judgment o'th' houſe,
To be eſteemed and reputed not worth a louſe,
And the Grandee of *Portſmouth* made a fine
VVhich, &c. (Chouſe,

We have ſeen an Aſſeſsment, a thing for taxes,
(waxes;
Though the Commonwealth wane, the private
Swords into Plowſhares, and ſuch bills into
Which, &c. (axes,

Another new ſtory of Qualification,
That belongd to no honeſt man of the Nation.
Like the ill contrived Authors, quite out of
Which, &c. (*Faſhion.*

Original ſin, was damn'd by that law,
The Son of a Cavalier made a Jack-ſtraw,
To be chewed again by their ravenous Jaw,
Which, &c.

To fill up the houſe and to ſhuffle the deal,
(Weal,
New writs iſſued out, for their new Common-
But its not worth asking who is't payes the *ſeal*
VVhich, &c,
(Printers
I wounder who pays the late *Parliament*
(as Winters
That place they may hold as many Summers
And wiſh their preſſes were broken in ſplinters
VVhich, &c.
A great many Traytors by them lately made,
Makes treaſon be thought a Common trade
Sir *George* Booth and *Jack Lambert* a while in
VVhich, &c. the ſhade.

We ſhall now ſure give over that word *ſequeſter*
Now the tail is cured of that ranckling feſter.
The twentieth of *April* is much about Eaſter.
VVhich, &c.
(idlely ſpent,
How many thanks of the Houſe have been
Upon people that ſtill have been Male-content
But they muſt faſt from thoſe dainties in this
Which, &c.(ſhriving Lent
That

That honorable favour no more ſhall be given
To the factious merit of a party hell-driven,
For now our twenty years odds will be even.
Which, &c.

Then rome for our Priſoners detain'd in the (tower
And away with the new *Lieutenants* power,
Who's minting the widdowed good old cauſes
Which, &c, (Dower,

Sir G. Booth, ſhall not think this a hit of fate,
Nor excuſe his keeper, whoſe warrants out 'f (date,
We ſhall ſee them all cry *peccavi* too late,
Which, &c.

Eleven years Miſchief, tumults and rage, (age
Are the only Memorials, of this *Commonwealths*
And all to be thankt, be *Haſlerig* the ſage,
Which, &c.

Let our *Liberty-keepers* be changd to *Reſtorer*
Let our *Peace* carry *Truth* and *Duty* before her
He's a fool & a Knave th at elſe will adore her,
Which, &c.

This *Janus* like freedom, though it pleaſe (not us all
And averſly doth look on the Scepter and Ball
Will ſhut up its Temple at next Common-
Which, &c. (Hall.

Then

(*Monck* ſo kind
Then lets pray to Great Jove, that made
To our deſperate eſtate, to put him in mind,
With the reſt of our Worthies, of the *Great* (*Thing* behind,
Which no body can deny.

THE COCK-CROWING AT THE Approach of a Free-Parliament.

OR

Good news in a balatt
More ſweet to your pallat
Then Fig, Raiſon, *or ſtewed Prunelis.*
A Country wit made it
Who ne'r got by the trade yet.
And Mad Tom of Bedlam *the Tune is.*

1.

MOre Wine boy; To be ſober
Is ſottiſh, in my opinion,
When ſo near we do ſee
The day that will free
Three Kingdoms, and a Dominion.
(*Iriſh, and Scots,*

CHORUS. *Then off with your* Pots, *Engliſh,*
And loyall Cambro-Brittains,
From Lobſter-like jump
And the Head-playing Kump
You'l ſoon have an acquittance. 2.

2.

Though *Moncks* mind lies not open
To ev'ry eye that's buſie,
A free Parliament
Is in his intent
No *Noll*, nor *Lambert* is he.
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

3.

A Parliament untainted,
(Away with *ſecluded Members* :
New flames it might make,
Again to untake,
And ſtir up rebellious Embers.)
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

4.

A Parliament of Members
That in blood and eſtate are no ſmall boyes ;
The divelliſh Rump-elves
Are for none but themſelves
Thoſe will be (like God) for us all boyes.
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

5

Such a Parliament more happy
Then fiſhes will create you,
Though no trade you do drive
But to tipple and ſwive,
You'l be plump in fleſh and eſtate too.
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

6.

A Hound and a hawk no longer
Shall be tokens of diſaffection,
A cock-fight ſhall ceaſe
To be breach of the peace,
And a Horſe race an Inſurrection.
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

7.

The Stages to their Freedom
Shall be reſtored ſoon after,
And poets like Lictors
Shall ſcurge our afflictors
And make our old ſuffrings our Laughter,
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

8.

Will. Pryn ſhall be the Maſter
O' th' Revells (for's contrition,)
His hiſtrio-maſtyx
Was one of his raſh tricks
E'r his early circumciſion.
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

9.

Wee'l preach and pray 'th out canting,
In a language heav'n knows better
Then ah Lord repeating,
And *Hum* and *Ha* bleating
With calves ot the Lips in the Letter.
Cho. *Then off with, &c,*

10.

10.

Wee'l no more to enſlave us
Weare Chains, but to boaſt our Riches,
We Lobſters will eat,
And not be their meat,
When the right *Rump* weares the Breeches.
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

11.

All Nations ſhall adore us,
Stiffe *Don* at our foot ſhall tumble,
The Dutch-men ſhall fear us,
And all to *Mijn* Here us;
And the French cry *votre tres-humble.*
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

12.

The Cittizens ſhall flouriſh,
Lord Mayors, when the office expires,
Shall a Knight-hood obtain,
If they're not of the ſtrain
Of Exciſe, nor Church-land Buyers.
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

13.

This *London* had effected
E'r now, and honour had got ſo,
But for Knaves *Ireton*
And *Titchburn* were known,
When thedrugſter's Son was not ſo.
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

14.

Each year ſhall bring a harveſt
To th' Plough man, who was vext ill
When but every fourth year
By the tax-Calendar
It came like the Biſſextile.
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

15.

His Rent he ſhall pay duly,
Nor to ſpend ſhall he want his groate'r.
His Landlord ſhall be
Of his beer to him free,
And of's fleſh to his wife and his daughter.
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

17

But now my furious fancy
A project is concocting
When God ſhall have ſent,
A true Parliament
VVhat a rope we ſhall do with this mocking?
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

18.

Like Mare with dock to th' Manger,
To ſhew it no cheat at all is
It like one doth appear,
But it is none, and where
The head ſhould have been, the tail is.
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

19.

Or we'l ſend for the Ghoſt of Lorrel!,
Who cook't ſo neatly the peak feaſt,
And heel *Carbonado*
It will little a-doe,
To make the Devil a breakfaſt
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

20.

We read of a Rump in *St. Auſtin*
That(before this of ours)out-went all
Which ſounds did let fly
As articularly
As if it had a *Lenthal*,
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

21.

But neer poor Rump was firked
Like this by wits,and by no wits.
Nor ever was game
So fit as this ſame
To enter and fleſh young Poets.
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

22.

More good things *I* could utter
But now I finde by a token,
That the play will begin,
And good fortune come in
E'r the Prologue be quite ſpoken.
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

23.

Charles Waine's ore the new chimney,
The Suns near our Horizon,
The Fowles of the night
Are taking their flight,
Ere *Cheshire* prey they seiz on.
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

24.

Weel drink and pray no longer
For the King in mystical fashions:
But with *Trumpets* sound
His health shall go round,
And our Prayers be Proclamations.
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

25.

Now *Jockey*, *Teag*, and *Shenken*,
Shall boast no more of *St. Andrew*
St. *Patrick*, or *St. Davie*,
But St. *George*, who, to save 'ee,
Gainst Dragon-Rump like a man drew
(*Irish and Scots*
Cho. *Then off with your poor English,*
And loyall Cambro-Brittains,
From Lobster like jump,
And the head-playing Rump
Youl soon have an acquittance.

SAINT

GEORGE

AND THE

DRAGON.

To the Tune of, *Old Souldjour of the Queens, &c.*

NEws, News: — Here's the **Occurrences**: and
(a new **Mercurius**:
A **Dialogue** betwixt *Haslerigg* the *baſled*, and *Ar-*
(*thur* the *furious*:
With *Iretons* readings upon *legitimate*, and *Spurious*,
Proving that a *Saint* may be the *Son of a Whore*; for
(the ſatisfaction of the curious.
From a Rump inſatiate as the Sea,
Libera nos Domine.

Here's the true reaſon of the *Cities Infatuation*:
Ireton has made it *drunk* with the *cup of abomination*:
That is, —— *the Cup of the Whore*, after the *Geneva*
(*Interpretation*:
Which, with the Juyce of *Tichburn's Grapes*, muſt
(needs cauſe *Intoxication*.
From a Rump, &c.

Here's the **Whipper whipt**—by a Friend to *George*,
(that whipp'd *Jack*, that whipp'd the *Breech*,
That whipp'd the *Nation*, *as long as it could ſtand*
(*over it*:—After which
It was it ſelfe *Re-jerk'd*, by the ſage Author *of this*
(*Speech*:
Methinks a Rump ſhould go as well with a Scotch ſpur,
(*as with a Switch*.
From a Rump, &c.

This *Rump* hath many a *Rotten and unruly Member*;
Give the *General* the *Oath*, cries one;—(but his
(Conſcience being a little *tender*,)
I'll *Abjure* you, with a Horſe-pox, quoth *George*,—
(and make you remember
The '*Leaventh* of *February*, longer than the *Fifth* of
(*November*.
From a Rump, &c.

With that—*Monck* leaves (*in Rump aſſembled*)—
(*the Three Eſtates*.
But oh,—how the *Citizens hugg'd* him for *breaking*
(down their *Gates*,
For *Tearing* up their *Poſts*, and *Chaynes*, and for
(*Clapping up their Mates*,
(*When they ſaw*, *that he brought them Plaſters for their*
(*broken Pates*.)
From a Rump, &c.

In truth, this ruſle put the Town in great *diſorder*;
Some

Some *Knaves* (*in Office*) *ſmil'd*, ------ expecting
('twould go further;
But at the laſt --- my life on't, *George* is no *Rumper*,
(---ſaid the *Recorder*:
For there never was either *Honeſt man*, or *Monck*
(*of that Order.*
From a Rump, &c.

And ſo it prov'd, for *Gentlemen*, ſayes the General,
(I'll make you amends:
Our *Greeting* was a little *untoward*, but we'll *part*
(*Friends*,
A little time ſhall ſhew you which way my Deſign
(tends,
And that, *beſides the good of Church and State*, *I gave*
(*no other ends.*
From a Rump, &c.

His *Excellence* had no ſooner paſs'd this *Declaration*
(and *Promiſe*,
But in ſteps *Secretary Scot*,--*the Rumps man Thomas*,
With *Luke*, their lame Evangeliſt --- (the Devil
(keep 'um from us,)
To ſhew *Monk what precious Members of Church and*
(*State the Bumm ha's.*
From a Rump, &c.

And now comes the **Supplication of the Members**
(**under the Rod**,
Say, *My Lord*, (*cryes the Brewers Clerk*) --- *good my*
(*Lord*,

(*Lord*, — for the love of God,
Consider *your selfe*, *us*, — and this *poor Nation*, and
(that *Tyrant abroad*;
Don't leave us, — but *George* gave him a *Shrugg*,
(instead of a *Nodd*.
From a Rump, &c.

This mortal *Silence* was followed with a most hi-
(deous *Noyse*
Of *Free-Parliament Bells*, and *Rump-confounding*
(*Boyes*:
Crying, *Gueld* the *Rogues*, *Singe* their *Tayles*, —
(when with a low Voyce;
Fire and Sword, by this light, cryes *Tom*, let's look
(to our *Toyes*.
From a Rump, &c.

Never were wretched *Members* in so sad a Plight:
Some were *Broyld*, — some *Toasted*, — others *burnt*
(*out-right*.
Nay, against *Rumps*, so *Pittylesse* was their *Rage*,
(and *Spite*,
That *not a Citizen would kisse his Wife that Night*.
From a Rump, &c.

By this time, *Death*, and *Hell* appear'd in the ghastly
(*Looke*
Of *Scot*, and *Robinson*; (those *Legislative Bookes*)
And it must needs put the *Rump* most damnably o
(the Hooks
T

To see, that *when God has sent meat, the Devil should*
(*send Cooks.*
From a Rump, &c.

But *Providence*, their old friend, brought these
(Saints off, at Last,
And through the *Pikes*, and the *Flames*, *un-dis-*
(*membred* they past,
Although (God wot) with many *struglings*, and
(much *Hast.*
(For --- *Members*, ---- or *no Members*, was but a
(measuring Cast)
From a Rump, &c.

Being come to *Whitehall*; -- ther's the dismal mone:
Let Monk be damn'd, cries *Arthur*; in a terrible tone:
That *Traytor*: --- *and those Cuckoldly Rogues that sit*
(*him on.*
(But, tho' the Knight *Spits blood*, 'tis obse.v'd that
(he *Draws none.*)
From a Rump, &c.

The Plague Bawle you, cries *Harry Martin*, you
(have brought us to this condition,
You must be canting, and be Pox'd, --- with your
(*Bare-bones Petition*,
And take in that *Bull-headed*, *splay-footed Member of*
(*the Circumcision*,
That Bacon-fac'd Jew, Corbet: that son of Perdition.
From a Rump, &c.

Then in steps *Driv'ling Mounson*, to take up the
(Squabble:
That Lord; which first taught the use of the *Wood-*
(den Dagger, and Ladle,
He, — that out-does *Jack Pudding*, at a *Custard*, or
(a *Caudle*:
And were the Best *Fool* in Europe, but that he
(wants a *Bauble*.
From a Rump, &c.

More was said, to little Purpose: the next news, is
(— a **Declaration**
From the *Rump*; for a **Free-State**, according to
(the **Covenant** of the Nation,
And a **Free Parliament**, under **Oath** and **Qua-**
(lification,
Where none shall be *Elect*, but Members of *Repro-*
(bation.
From a Rump, &c.

Here's the **Tail Fix'd**; *a Piece acted lately with*
(great applause,
With a **Plea for the Prerogative Breech**, and the
(Good old Cause:
Proving, that *Rumps*, and *Members* are *antienter*
then Laws:
And that a *Bumme Divided*, is never the worse for
(the *Flawes*.
From a Rump, &c.

But

But all things have their Period, and Fate,
An Act of Parliament dissolves a Rump of State:
Members grow *weak*; and *Tayles themselves run out*
of Date:
And yet thou shalt not Dy; (*Dear Breech*) thy *Fame*
I'll celebrate.
From a Rump, &c.

Here lies a Pack of cheats, that did their *Souls*, and
Country Sell
For *Dirt*: *The Devill was their good Lord*; him
they serv'd well;
By his *Advice*, they *Stood*, and *Acted*; and by his
President they *Fell*,
(Like *Lucifer*) making but *one step* betwixt *Heaven*,
and *Hell*.
From a Rump insatiate as the Sea,
Liberasti nos Domine.

A Free-Parliament-Letany.

To the Tune of, *An old Souldier of the Queens.*

1 MOre *Ballades*; --- here's a ſpick--&--ſpan (new *Supplication*;
By *Order* of a *Committee for the Reformation*
To be read in all Churches, & Chappels of this Nation,
Upon pain of *Slavery, and Sequeſtration.*
From **fools**, *&* **knaves**, *in our* **Parliament** *free.*
Libera nos Domine.

2 From thoſe that ha' *more Religion*, & *leſſe Conſci-* (*ence*, then their fellows;
From a *Repreſentative*, that's **fearfull**, & **jealous**;
From a *ſtarting Jadiſh people*, that is troubled with (the *yellows*
And a *Prieſt* that *blowes the cole* --- (a Turd in the (Bellows)
From **Fooles**, *&* **Knaves**, *&c.*

3 From *Shepheards*, that leade their *Flocks* into the (*Briers*;
And then, *Fleece* 'um --- From **Vow breakers**, & (**King-tyers**:
--Of **Church**-and **Crown**-*Lands* from both *Sellers*, (and *Buyers*:
From the *Children* of him, that's the *Father* of *lyars.*

4 From

4 From the *Doctrine*, and *Diſcipline* of
(*now, and anon; * Sedgewick.
Preſerve *us*, & our *wives*; from * John * John a Nokes.
(T, & Saint * John * John a Stiles.
Like Maſter, like *Man*, every way but one:
The *Maſter* ha's a *large conſcience*, and the *Man*,
(ha's *none*.
From Fooles, *and* Knaves, *&c.*

5 From *Major-Generals*, --- *Army* --- *Officers*; and
(that *Phanatique crew*:
From the *Parboyl'd Pimp* Scot; -- and from *Good-*
(*face* the Jew:
From old Mildmay, that in Cheapſide
(miſtook his * *Queue* * Repulſed by a Citizens Wife
And from him that w'ont *Pledge* ----
(give the Devil his due.
From Fooles, *and* Knaves, *&c.*

6 *From long-winded Speeches, and not a wiſe word,*
From a *Goſpell-Miniſtry ſettled* by th' *ſword*,
From the *Act* of a *Rump*, that *ſtinks* when 'tis *ſtir'd*;
From a *Knight of the Poſt*, and a *Cobling Lord*.
From Fooles, *and* Knaves, *&c.*

7 From all the *rich people* that ha' made *us poore*;
From a *Speaker* that creepes to the *Houſe* by a
(*Back-dore*:
From that *Badger Robinſon*, (that *limps*, *and bites*
(*ſore*:)
And that dog in a doublet Arthur, ---- *that will do*
(*ſo no more*.
From Fooles, *and* Knaves, *&c.*

8 From

8 From a certain *Sly Knave* with a *beastly name*:
From a *Parl'ment* that's *wilde*, and a *people*, that's
(*tame*:
From **Skippon**, **Titchbourne**, **Ireton**, ---- and
(another of the *Game*;
From a *Dunghill Cock*, and a *Hen* of the *Same*.
From **Fooles**, *and* **Knaves**, *&c.*

9 From all those that sate in the *High Court* of
(*Justice*;
From *Usurpers*, that stile themselves the *Peoples*
(*Trustees*;
From an *old Rump*, in which neither *Profit* nor
(*Gust* is;
And from the *recov'ry* of that which now in the
(*dust* is.
From **Fooles**, *and* **Knaves**, *&c.*

10 From a *Back-sliding Saint*, that pretends t' *Ac-*
(*quiesce*;
From *cressing* of *Proverbs* (let'um *Hang* that *confess*)
From a *Sniveling cause*, in a *Pontificall dresse*:
And two * Lawyer's, with the Devill,
(and his Damme in a messe. * Jacks both
From **Fooles**, *and* **Knaves**, *&c.*

11 From those that *trouble the waters*, to mend the
(*Fishing*;
And fight the *Lord's Battels*, under, th' *Devills Com-*
(*mission*:
Such as *eate* up the *Nation*, while the *Goverment's a*
(*dishing*

And

And from a people when it ſhould be *doing*, ſtands
(*wiſhing*
From Fooles *and* Knaves *&c.*

12 From an **everlaſting** *mock-Parliament*; ---- and
(from **none**;
From Straffords' old friends;---*Harry*, *Jack* and *John*
From the Solliciter's Wolfe-Law, *deliver our King's*
(*ſonne*;
And from the *Reſurrection* of the *Rump* that is **dead**,
(and **gone**.
From Fooles, *and* Knaves, *&c.*

13 From *Forreigne invaſion*, and *Commotions* at
(*home*;
From our *preſent* diſtraction, and from *worſe* to
come:
From the *ſame hand again*; **Smectymnuus** or the
Eummne,
And from taking **Geneva** in our way to **Rome**.
From Fooles, *and* Knaves, *&c.*

14 From a *Hundred thouſand pound Tax*, *to maintain*
(*Knaves and Whores*:
(But it is *well giv'n*, to *theſe*, that turn'd *thoſe* out
(of *dores*)
From *undoing* our ſelves, in *Plaſtring old ſores*;
He that ſet them aworke, *let him pay their ſcores*.
From Fooles, *and* Knaves, *&c.*

15 From *Saints*, and *Tender-Conſciences* in *Buff*;
From *Mounſon* in a Fome; and *Hiſlerigg* in a Huff;
From both *Men* and *Women* that think they never
(have *enough*.
And

And from a *Fools Head* that looks through a *Chain*
(and a *Ruff*.
From Fooles, *and* Knaves, *&c.*
16 From those that would divide the *Gen'rall* and
(the *Citty*;
From *Harry Martins Whore*, that was neither *Sound*
(nor *Pretty*.
From a *Faction*, that ha's neither *Braine*, nor *Pitty*;
From the *Mercy* of a *Phanatique Committe*.
From Fooles, *and* Knaves, *&c.*
Preserve us good Heaven from intrusting those
That ha' *much* to *get*, and little to Loose:
That *Murther'd* the *Father*, & the *Son* would *depose*.
(Sure they can't be *our Friends*, that are their
(*Countreys Foes*.
From Fooles, *and* Knaves, *&c.*
18 From *Bradshaws* Presumption, and from *Hoyle's*
(*Despaires*,
From rotten Members; blind Guides; Preaching
(Aldermen; and false May'rs.
From *Long Knives*, *Long Eares*, Long Parliaments,
(and long Pray'rs.
In mercy to this Nation, ---- *Deliver us and our*
(Heirs.
From Fooles, *and* Knaves, *&c.*
Libera nos Domine.

SIR

SIR EGLAMOR AND THE DRAGON.

OR,

A Relation how Generall George Monck *slew a most cruell* DRAGON, February 11. 1659.

To the Tune of Sir Eglamor.

1

GEnerall *George* that valiant wight
He took his Sword and he would go fight,
And as he rode through *London* Town
Men, Women, Posts, and Gates, fell down.

2

But turning about towards *Westminster*,
He saw it must come to fight Dog fight Bear,
For there an old Dragon sate in its Den
Had devour'd (God knows how many) brave Men.

3

This Dragon it was and a monstrous Beast,
With fourty or fifty heads at least,
And still as this Dragon drank down Blood
Those Heads would wag and cry *good—good—good!*

4

No *Hydra* nor *Leviathan*,
For every Head look'd like a Man,
And yet they all grew *Hydra*-wise,
For cut off one and another would rise.

5

Besides, it had most deviliſh clawes
Call'd *Committees* of the *Good old Cauſe*;
But Devill and his Dam had no ſuch Paunch
As this which ſwallow'd *Root and Branch*.

6

It ſwallow'd Churches, Palaces,
Foreſts, Iſlands, Lands, and Seas,
Cathedrall Choires it made but a Sallad
And left not a man to ſing a Ballad.

7

But

But that which made this Dragon prevaile
Was a damnable Sting ſtuck in its Tayle,
This Tayle 'gainſt Chriſtendome made Warrs
And ſwept down all St. **George's** *Starrs.*

8

Then *Ægypts* plagues we underſtood,
Darkneſſe, *Rivers* turn'd to *blood*,
Upſtart *Vermin* thick as wooll,
And *Froggs* and *Locuſts* Pulpits full.

9

Yet that which moſt did plague theſe Iſles,
Three Kingdomes lay ſore ſick of th' Piles,
For every man in dolefull dump
Was tortur'd with a *Bloody Rump.*

10

But as in its Den this Dragon did ſit
George gave it many a gay good hit,
Though then he had nor Sword nor Syth-on,
But fought as *Phœbus* ſlew old *Python:*

11

For **George** ſhot at him a flaming Letter (ter)
(Which ſome think might have been much bet-

He

He wipe'd the *Rump* away with a Paper,
And out it flew like a ſtinking Vapour.

12

Now *London* had her own deſire,
For every Street was pav'd with fire;
All Men and Bells with many a Thump
Cry'd *Rump-Rump-Rump-Rump-Rump-Rump-R*

13.

Six thouſand fifty Bone-fires then,
(By twenty more than th' Army had Men,)
O monſtrous *Rump*, that thus requires
(Though but halfe broyl'd) ſix thouſand Fires!

14

This very day that *Rump* was burn'd
Old *Magna Charta* was confirm'd,
This day they Voted that monſtrous thing 1224
That no addreſſes be made to the King. *Febr.* 11. 1647.

15

Now God bleſs Charles & York & Gloucester
From Many or from One Impoſtor;
May *Kings* and *Peers* and *Commons* joyn
To ſave us both from Rump and Loyn.

RUMP id eſt FINIS.

R 1275
Rump

Fr. Geo. Smith